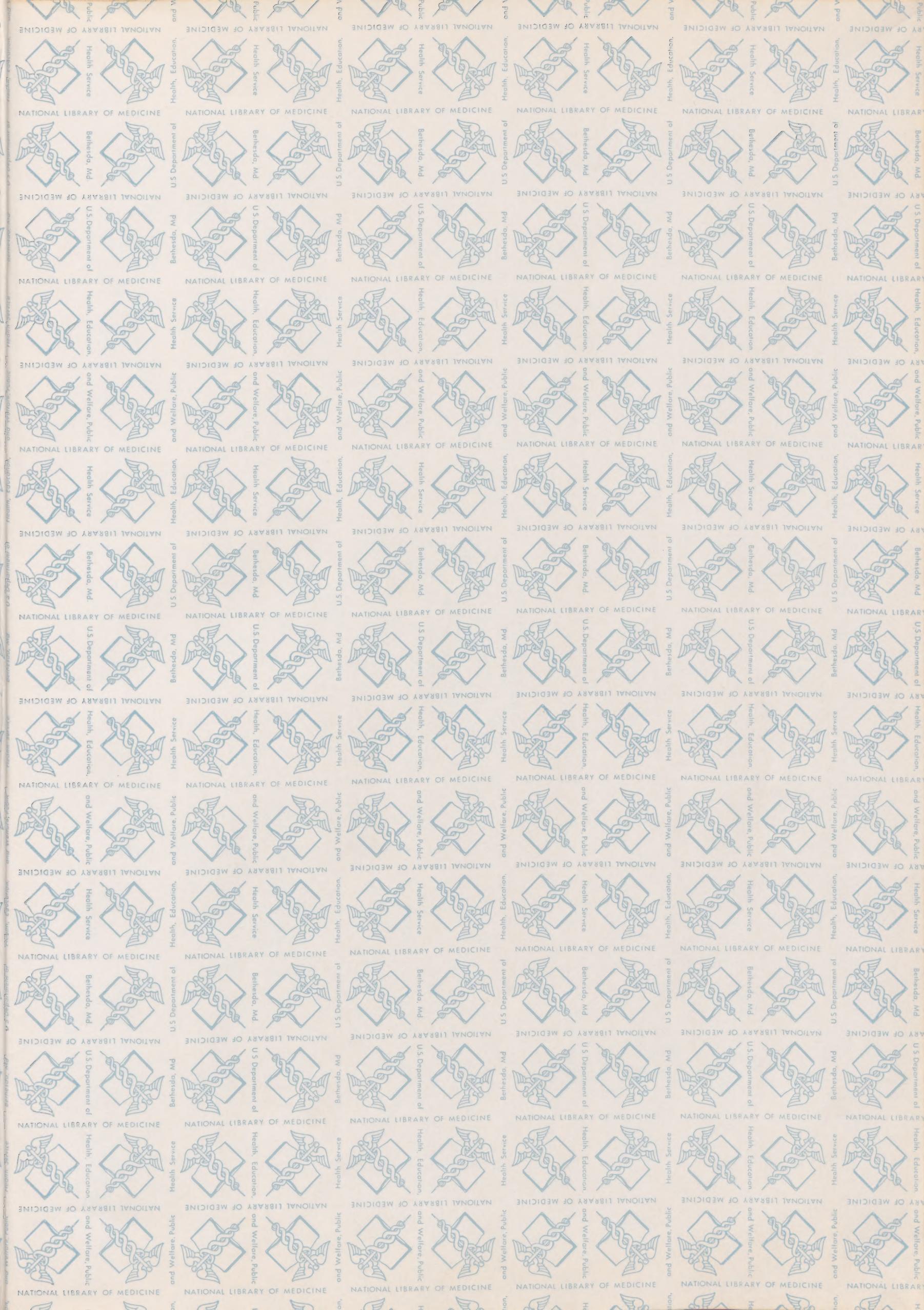
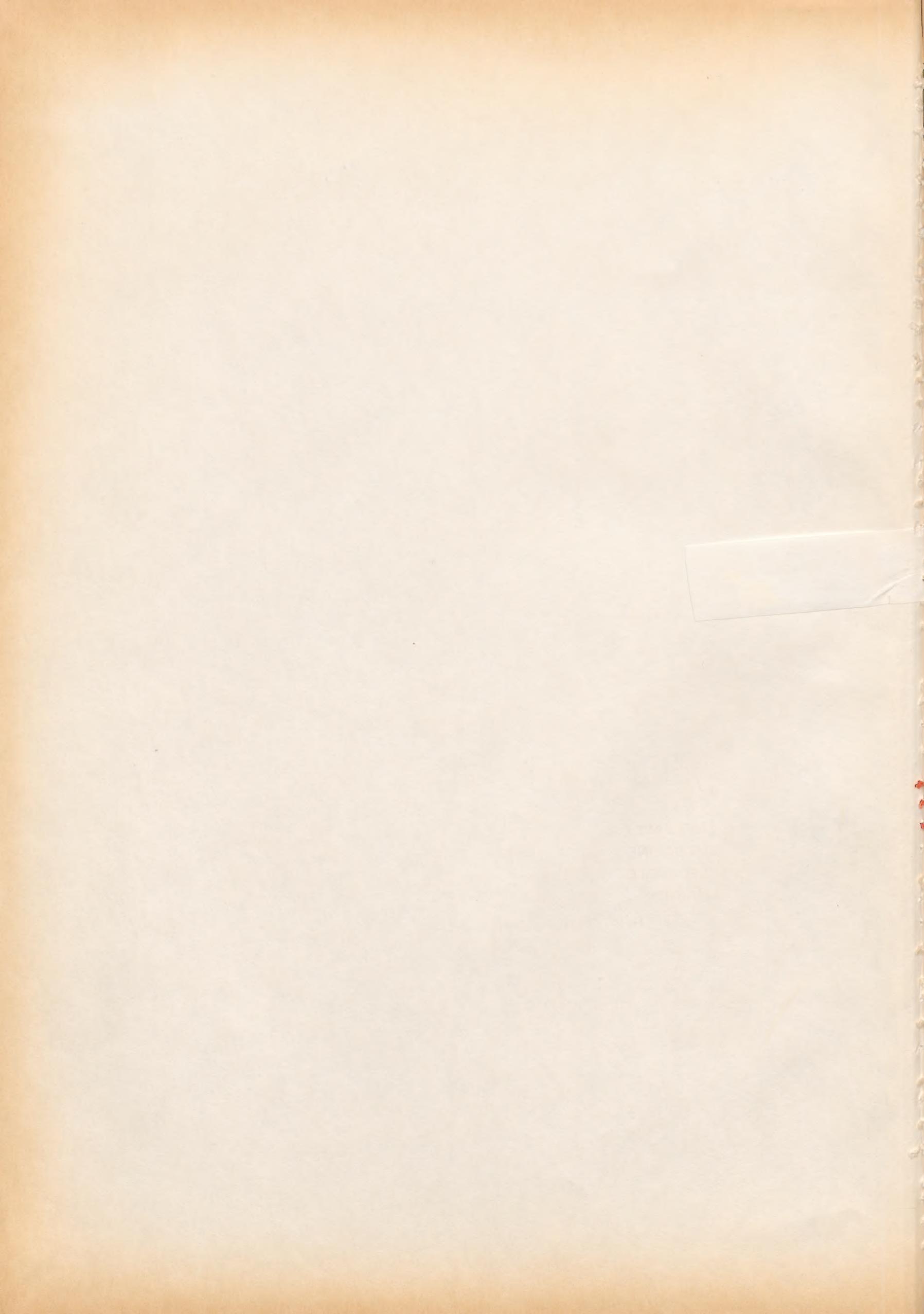




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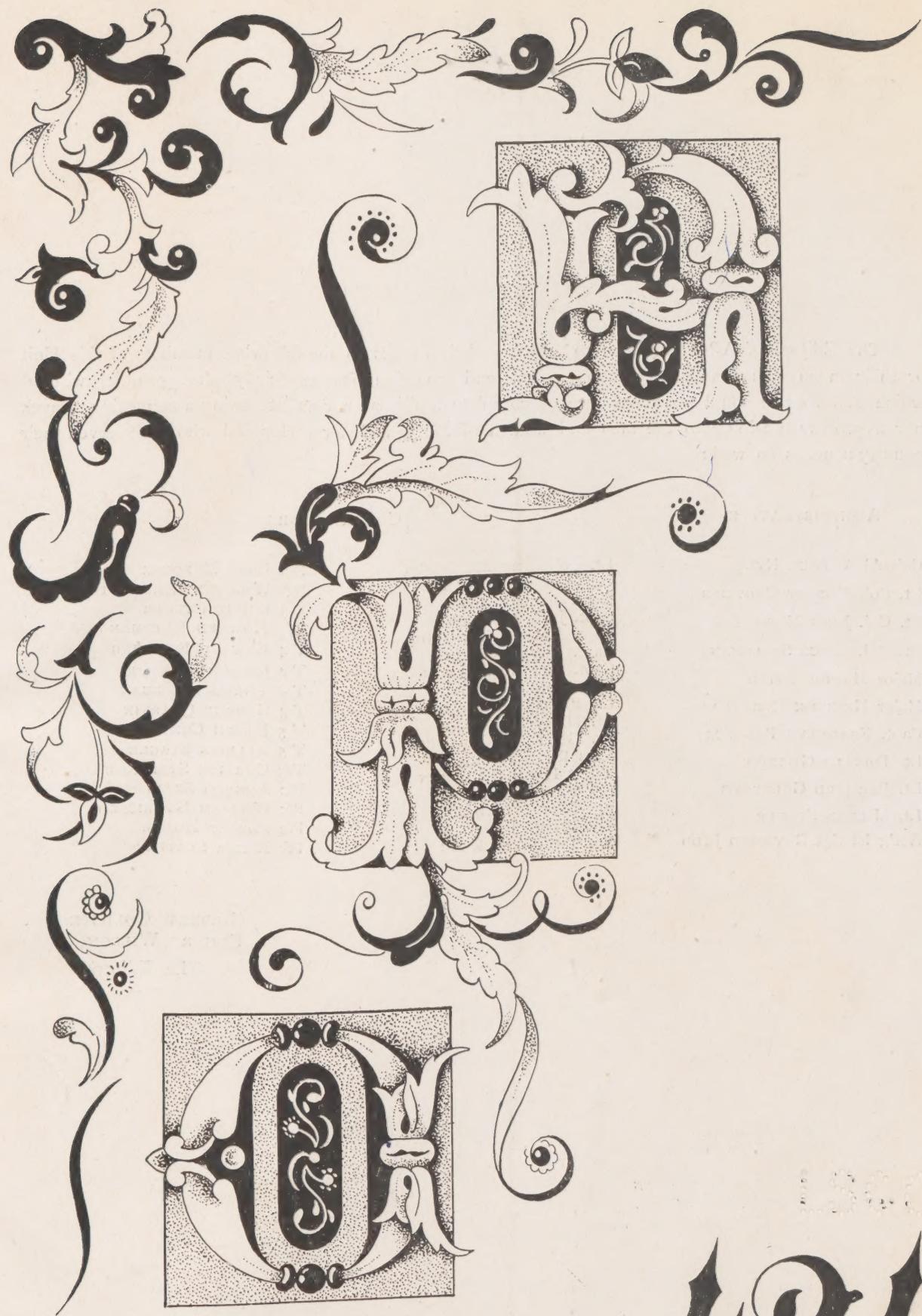






U.S. Army General Hospital no. 33.

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Acknowledgement

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ADMINISTRATIVE

Colonel ARTHUR NYLEN
Lt. Col. ROBERT CROWDER
Lt. Col. JOHN MOSHER
Lt. Col. ALICE SPELLMAN
Major MARION STITH
Major HENDRIK ROZENDAAL
Capt. FRANKLYN PADDOCK
Lt. DONALD GILMORE
Lt. BERNARD GOLDBERG
Lt. MILTON SINGER
Act'g 1st Sgt RAYMOND JUDD

CONTRIBUTORS

Lt. Col. JOHN MILLER
Major MONROE MC IVER
Major ARTHUR STEIN
Capt. JOHN GAMBLE
Capt. ROBERT GOTTSCHALK
Capt. ORTRUD EILERS
Capt. ERNEST KRIEGER
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Pfc WILLIAM GYURICSKO
Pfc ROBERT HOMER
Pfc ELMER SLATER

GILBERT GOLDSTEIN
EDGAR WILSON
The Editors

*The
Commanding
Officer*



Arthur H. Nylen, Colonel, Medical Corps, U.S. Army, Commanding Officer, 33d General Hospital, was born in New York City February 14th, 1890. He attended Public School and later matriculated in Long Island College Hospital from which he graduated in 1913.

He practiced general medicine in New York City until 1917 when he entered the U.S. Army Medical Corps as a 1st Lieutenant. He served in World War I with Base Hospital 115 stationed in Vichy, France. It was there that he was promoted to Captain in 1918.

On the basis of seniority he became a Major in 1929 having meanwhile served at Fox Hills General Hospital, Staten Island, N.Y.; on the staff at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D.C.; as medical officer in charge of Enlisted Men's Hospital at West Point, N.Y.; in Puerto Rico; and at Fort Benning, Columbus, Ga.

He became Lt. Colonel in 1937 while still stationed at General Dispensary Washington, D.C. In 1939 to 1941 he was on Organized Reserve Duty as an instructor in Hartford, Conn., and Boston, Mass.

He was then assigned to replacement training centers at Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va., and Camp Robinson, Little Rock, Ark., from which duty he joined the 33d General Hospital on July 15th, 1942. He received a temporary promotion to the grade of Colonel in 1942, which was made a permanent Regular Army rank in 1943.



Leghorn
Tuscany

P
U.S.

Photo by
Pfc Homer



Monte Mario
Rome

Bizerte
Tunisia



Photo by
Captain Gottschalk



As Base Hospital 33, a group of Doctors and Nurses from the Albany Hospital, Albany, New York received their training for duty in World War I in a National Guard Armory and subsequently sailed in convoy from Hoboken, N.J. to Portsmouth, England, serving there until 1919.

A generation passed and in 1940 with America being sucked ever closer towards the vortex of another war, the Board of Governors of the Albany Hospital received a letter from the War Department requesting that a hospital unit for overseas



ELDRIDGE H. CAMPBELL, Col., M. C.

service, to be known as the 33d General Hospital, again be organized. Thus Base Hospital 33 arose again, phoenix-like, to life in the present war from the smoldering ashes of the former conflict.

Colonel E.H. Campbell, Attending Neurosurgeon at the Albany Hospital, was asked by the Board of Governors to act as Unit director and to recruit a staff of doctors. Miss Alice Spellman, instructor at the Russell Sage College School of Nursing, was appointed Chief Nurse and to her was delegated the task of recruiting a group of some hundred nurses. Matters proceeded more or less leisurely until the time of Pearl Harbor, when the shaping of the unit really started in earnest. Besides the Albany Hospital, doctors were enrolled from the associated Albany Medical College and other hospitals in New York and the New England states.

Monthly meetings were held at the Fort Orange and University Clubs at which many phases of war medicine were discussed. Colonel Campbell and Miss Spellman scoured the cities and towns surrounding Albany seeking recruits at meetings of nurses and dietitians they addressed.

In the spring of 1942 came indications that the unit was soon to be activated, and the work of organization shot forward faster and harder. Shortly before July 15th came the momentous word of the hospital's forthcoming activation on that date, and on the 16th of July the first group of newly barbed and oak-leaved doctors arrived at Fort Eustis, Virginia, our first training ground as an Army General

Hospital. Staff members on vacation had to be rounded up hurriedly. The first nurses group came five days later, and medical administrators were added.

Meanwhile there had come to Fort Eustis out of Camp Lee, Virginia, in June of 1941, fifty enlisted men from a basic medical training battalion to form the original cadre of the 222nd General Hospital. Their strength was gradually increased to several hundred by the addition of incoming men. Finally on July 15th 1942 two hundred of them were transferred to the 33d in a "paper deal" involving no motion on their part, and our first morning report began:

"The 33d General Hospital was organized and ordered into active military service this date..."

In line with the policy of the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army to appoint members of the Regular Army Medical Corps to administrative positions in affiliated hospital units. Colonel Arthur Nylen assumed command of the new organization the same day.

Vivid impressions of the nurses' first days in the Army, we are about to quote:

"Never shall I forget the feeling of utter despair that assailed me as I boarded the train at Albany and met most of the nurses of the 33d General Hospital unit. Need I say that there was scarcely a dry eye among the girls as they sadly and bravely bid adieu to their friends and relatives? However, with the resilience of nature that characterized nurses all over the world, by the time we had reached West Point we were laughing, chatting, knitting, or playing cards, according to our individual preferences. As if to give us something to remember, the sunset painted the Hudson River and the Catskills in radiant splendor. How long it would be before we would see it again, none of us knew.

"Arriving at the dim Grand Central Station, somehow or other it did not seem as if it were really New York. There was little to do except to stroll through the darkened streets with new acquaintances or to sit in the lobby of an adjacent hotel until our train departure. With all the excitement and anticipation few of us slept very well.

"The following morning, after a few station changes, we arrived at our destination. At least that was what we thought, but we were in for a surprise. Looking out of the train window we saw six Army trucks lined up near the railroad siding and spied our Colonel on the platform. After the first enthusiastic greetings were over, the news was broken to us that the trucks were there to convey us to the fort. The enlisted men present graciously, but rather sheepishly assisted us, one-by-one into the 'taxicabs' and off we drove.

"The MP's at the fort outpost conscientiously checked us in and we proceeded. To say that we created a sensation in that city of men would be an understatement. Being still in civilian clothes they naturally mistook us for a USO troop and greeted us with many an appreciative whistle.

"Apparently we had created quite a problem for the powers that be at the camp because we were the first large group of women to descend upon them and they were at quite a loss to know where to put us. When we saw the numerous tents pitched about the area, we were certain that such were to be our quarters. After much discussion, we were housed in two-story, typically G I barracks, from which the enlisted men had to be unhappily evacuated.

"Naturally, these quarters presented a problem to many of the nurses, since most of us were accustomed to private rooms, and all of the frilliness that delights the heart of the female of the species. For the most part, the majority of us solved the problem by just ignoring the inconveniences and compensated for them by going out as much as possible. Since these barracks lacked window shades, it was deemed advisable that they be provided as quickly as possible so that we might be sheltered from the stares of the curious." (Editors note: This Is The Army, Miss Jones.)

"The shower room was the most popular room in the barracks. The heat and





men getting into formation, but after awhile we just yawned and turned over for another five minutes' snooze.

"Our classes were interesting and for the most part enjoyable, as they were held in a grove. When our attention was not held by the lecturer, it was readily absorbed by the columns of men marching by, or by the antics of the birds quarreling over the scraps of food left from the enlisted men's festivities of the night before. We had about seventeen weeks of training. Chemical warfare instruction including gas mask drill with the attendant thrill of going through the gas chamber to emerge with tears streaming down our collective faces, was part of our training. We were well exposed to every subject that would prepare us for overseas service.

"Our chief delight was dismounted drill. It still amazes me how so many women, and men too, have so much difficulty in differentiating their left from their right. However the patience of our drill sergeant rapidly overcame all obstacles and we came in for a fair amount of favorable comment from the spectators when we passed in review before the Governor of Virginia. All activity ceased wherever we passed by on our daily marches, dressed in our snappy blue field uniforms and fatigue hats."

Many of the families of our personnel lived in nearby Williamsburg, the colonial-atmosphered former capital of Virginia, scene of Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death!" speech before the Assembly. The families put up at the Williamsburg Lodge, the Williamsburg Inn, or the Brick House Tavern.

In the stifling daytime heat of the summer, the baked pancake-flatness of Fort Eustis was not enjoyable to put it mildly, but we made the most of it. There were recreational trips to Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered his British forces at the close of the American Revolution; to Virginia Beach for swimming; to the old ruins of the first permanent English colony in America at Jamestown. Or on Saturday afternoons, the men's favorite pastime was making a mad dash for the railroad station at Lee Hall to hop the train for Washington and points north.

Non-medical officers, Red Cross workers, and additional enlisted men were assigned to fill out our T/O. We were the only hospital at Eustis besides the station hospital. Moreover we were the first hospital to carry out the training of at least a portion of our own men. "Pill-rollers" was the moniker pinned on us in jovial scorn by other outfits.

Training for enlisted men included such items as: forced marches, overnight bivouacs, first aid, close order drill, gas chamber drill, litter bearing, lectures, calisthenics, and ward work in the station hospital on the post. There was that memorable three day bivouac at Yorktown when dozens of men were prostrated by the heat and had to be brought back by ambulance. It was a bad day for the men whenever Captain Gottschalk took them hiking, because he'd march them

humidity of the South has to be experienced in order to be appreciated. Many a night during July and August, when the thermometer stood above one hundred, we would lie panting on our cots.

"No one needed an alarm clock as the bugler would kindly sound forth at 6 A.M. At first we hopped out of bed to look at him, and to watch the hustle and bustle of the



TYPICAL G I BARRACKS BUILDING AT FT. EUSTIS, VA.



"Now look youse guys — er
I mean, puh-lease ladies!!"

just remember yuh ain't out
for a stroll in d'park, get me?"

whole battalions of men were taught by officers of the Coast Artillery Corps. From early morning to late afternoon the tramp of many marching feet raised the dust over the extensive parade grounds. The nights were pierced by practice search-light beams trying to seek out flying planes.

When other means of transportation were not to be had, you could always fall back on the old reliable Smitty's Cab Service to take you somewhere. A favorite hangout in Williamsburg was Chowning's Tavern, where a quarter would buy you a huge schooner of the best beer in the South. Just outside the gates of camp was the Milk Bar, another beer joint that sold milk as a minor sideline.

Other highlights of our stay at Eustis include some sponsored dances for the enlisted men of our unit at the Service Club; the time when our softball team won individual medals for the American League Championship; the time when, during a severe electric storm, a tree fell right smack on a pyramidal tent, injuring some men; the time a severe reprimand for horseplay at the Officers Club seemed to point in our direction. And oh, those howling softball games between officers and nurses, usually in favor of the former.

In early September we were alerted for movement but nothing came of it and we stayed put. Then, while we trained and sweated, the high-vaulting mercury of summer sank into the coolness of October. We shed our suntans for OD's as the adjoining forests turned in their greens to the Supply Sergeant of autumn in exchange for many-shaded red, yellow, and orange tunics. Still we remained at Eustis, but by now we had absorbed Army life and had become full-fledged Army men and women.

"The Sky-Watch," camp newspaper, had bold headlines on Friday October 23d:

"GOVERNOR TO REVIEW TROOPS."

"ENTIRE GARRISON TO MARCH BEFORE VISITORS SATURDAY."

"Governor Colgate W. Darden, Jr. of Virginia," the story continued, "is expected at Fort Eustis Saturday as guest of honor for a general review of the troops of the garrison at 11 o'clock..."

"The review, with the entire garrison passing to the accompaniment of three post bands, will be the most colorful ceremony held on this post since the beginning of World War II. It will be witnessed by distinguished civilian and military officials at the invitation of General Williford, Commanding General of Fort Eustis..."



"Once more now!
Got to get rid of that belly!"

into the ground with his long, gallumphing strides. The officers drilled, went on hikes, attended lectures, went on hikes, were assigned to duties in the station hospital, went on hikes... Our lectures ranged over a multitude of subjects from military courtesy to technical matters peculiar to the Medical Department.

Fort Eustis was primarily an anti-aircraft training center, where

TROOPS PASS IN REVIEW FOR
THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA
AT FORT EUSTIS.



We had a trial run that Friday but the Weatherman, no respecter of military ceremonies, sent us rain at night. Saturday dawned and the parade grounds were pock-marked with mud puddles. Truck loads of sand were carted in hastily and spread over the damp spots. This ameliorated the situation, saved our morale and our shoes, and the review came off in fine style.

The spectators' loudest applause was reserved for our nurses.

After four months spent at Fort Eustis, we departed by rail in the early morning of November 17th, 1942 for a permanent change of station, arriving late that night at Fort Jackson, near Columbia, South Carolina. You could lose a few Eustises in a single Jackson, it was that large. It had room for several full infantry divisions besides a host of smaller units of which we were one. Training of enlisted men and officers was resumed and our nurses were assigned to duty in the station hospital.

A short bus ride from camp and we were in Columbia, the state capital, and a good sized town. With a choice of many means of excitement on a day or evening off we did not choose to stick around the camp as often as we did at Eustis.

A basketball team was organized and, after going from victory to victory, ran off with the non-divisional championship by whipping the 52nd Medical Battalion quintet, for which it received a trophy now on display at the Albany Hospital. On this occasion the officers gave a testimonial dinner for the team at the Forest Lake Country Club. In the semi-finals, however, our boys lost to a team from the 100th Division.

Columbia families often invited our men to their homes for Sunday dinner. The enlisted men's day room was furnished by contributions of chairs, tables, rugs, lamps, and a radio from a women's club in Columbia.

There were the usual USO dances in town of a Saturday night. Two dances for our enlisted men were held at the Fort Jackson Service Club; another informal one was at the Elks Club in town; but the swellest blowout of all was the gala affair at the Columbia Hotel, where every thing was formal, where the girls wore evening gowns and no stags were allowed. After it was all over the hotel manager said we had consumed more liquor than any outfit had at any previous shindig, with the least trouble to the hotel, and with a breakage bill of zero to add to this distinction.

Our first Christmas Eve as the 33d General Hospital was celebrated with one gigantic party attended by officers, nurses, and enlisted men. For the boys unable to attend because of guard duty up at North Camp, Major Mott played Santa Claus the following day.



"NO LETTER TODAY?"



IN FRONT OF THE STATION HOSPITAL FORT JACKSON, S.C.

innards, let's look through a nurse's eyes:

"In charge of each hospital ward is a medical officer who may be a lieutenant or a captain. Majors and colonels act as advisors and as heads of departments. The services are definitely segregated and each ward has patients with the same surgical or medical condition. Strange as it may seem, we do a thriving obstetrical business here, as the officers' and enlisted men's wives are permitted to be hospitalized. It is a rare nurse who does not find some phase of nursing to interest her. There is much opportunity to learn as the Army is ever alert to try out the newest treatments.

"The nurse works in close relationship with the ward officer. It is under his direction that she carries out her daily ward routine. Naturally life is more agreeable and better results are obtained when rapport has been established. Under ordinary circumstances, patients are admitted and discharged at a certain time. This is a big help, but as is usually the case there are many emergencies in the acute wards.

"Patients are sent from their unit dispensaries to the hospital and are admitted through the Receiving Office. It is here that the diagnosis is made by the attending medical officer and the patient assigned to the proper ward."

At the beginning of May 1943 we cast aside our hospital duties to resume a program of intensive training. One of the less easily forgotten portions of this program was the infiltration course, where we crawled fifty yards under barbed wire on our bellies while machine gun bullets whined a few feet above us.

It became evident as the Tunisian campaign drew to a bang-up finish that we would be alerted once again, and that this would be no false alarm. The good word came in the middle of the month.

It was jump-off day for us at Jackson. On Saturday afternoon, June 19th, we entrained for our staging area, Camp Patrick Henry in Virginia, only a handful of miles from Fort Eustis. It was raining.

In January 1943 the officers and enlisted men were assigned to full time duties in the station hospital. At first the boys found it tough partly because they were obliged to walk the considerable distance from their area to the hospital; but as is ordinarily the case in the Army, it was one of those things to get used to.

To get a view of an Army station hospital's



NURSES QUARTERS, FORT JACKSON S.C.

We tried to act cheerful. Down deep inside were hollowness, uneasiness. Though we'd still be in the States eighteen more days we'd be cut off as by a great enclosing wall from all we had known, because once within the confines of the staging area we would not be allowed outside and exact news of our activities would thence forward be blanketed in an oblivion of war-time secrecy. The officers lined up, columns of two, masculinity enhanced by helmet, pack, leggings, and started marching toward the trucks which would carry them to the train.

"Well, we finally made it," observed Major Filippone. But he was somewhat hasty because the march metamorphosed into a retreat — the first and only. The trucks hadn't arrived. The officers marched back and waited in the hutments for a second signal. The "go" sign came finally and turned out to be the real thing, this time. In the rain, they packed tightly into open trucks and started to roll. "We made it this time," the Major announced.

At 3 P.M. began the slow twenty hour trip whose theme song was "Carry Me Back To Ol' Virginny." Up through South Carolina and on into the night and the following morning through North Carolina and Virginia, we dragged. There were no memorable occurrences, unless you wanted to mention a number of cases of food poisoning from a hastily prepared train supper which we ate from paper plates poised upon our laps, but the illnesses were not serious.

At Camp Patrick Henry our engine chuffed to a halt beside a long platform. The natural thing to do was to detraining, of course, but from hidden loud speakers came a voice, probably human, raucously blaring at us to desist.

Huh? What goes on here? We became suddenly and uncomfortably aware that some unseen eye was watching us; probably even knew the exact contents of our barracks bags. Then the loud speaker started up again: we were to do *this*. We were *not* to do *that*. We were to assemble *here*. We were to march *there*. O.K. Joe, this is the Army.

The voice finally gave us permission to march off to our respective barracks.



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

"Hey Bud! What outfit yuh with?"

"4119H SA7A!"

"Yeah, I know, but what..."

That was our shipment code number which was to accompany us on all movements — a censorship imposed anonymity — masking our identity as the 33d General Hospital.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★



Like all staging areas, ours was a place where final preparations were made for overseas movements — receiving typhus shots, checking equipment, hearing lectures on deportment aboard a troopship, viewing training films, Oh Yes! and being loaded down with clothing impregnated against gas, clothing of which we were relieved at overseas arrival.

There wasn't much doing at Patrick Henry --- movies, Red Cross, a few USO shows. We filled in our time with softball and calisthenics, while awaiting embarkation orders.

On July 6th we boarded trains for the half-hour ride to the Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation, Newport News, Va. Red Cross girls at the pier handed out refreshments and, while brass bands played, our feet trod those last few steps on American soil. At the gangplank we were checked off one-by-one and up we walked to the deck of the former Canadian-Pacific Liner "Empress of Japan" now rechristened "Empress of Scotland," and operated by the British. It was a large, fast boat. We would travel alone, not in convoy. We comprised but a fraction of the thousands on board.

The ship, which had once been a sumptuous luxury liner in pre-war days, had now been converted to meet the exigencies of war. Having been adapted to accommodate many more times the number of passengers it normally did in peacetime, it was now, in short, a troopship.





We stayed in dock that night; a night of card games and crap games which broke out all over the decks despite the "No Gambling" signs.

Late the following morning the ship's loudspeakers intoned orders for everyone to get below decks. For some reason, permission was not granted us to watch as the vessel got underway. But we were allowed on decks again shortly to catch our last

glimpse of America. Gradually the shoreline receded, faded into a misty purple and disappeared beyond the horizon. For most of us the experience was novel. We had never been out of sight of land, and now there was nothing but "Water, water everywhere," a perfect aqueous circle, vast and lonely, roofed over by the hemisphere of the sky. Now and again a school of leaping porpoises in single file cut graceful arcs in the air. After the first day out and until the day before we landed not one ship came within sight of ours in all that liquid desert.

Days were spent lounging around, talking, walking the decks, sunbathing, or gazing over the rail at the ocean, sometimes whitecapped by the winds — sometimes a blue unruffled carpet of glass, or at the churned up spumey wake of the ship as she zigzagged at short intervals to avoid submarines. Life boat drills were held. When we boarded we had been given a life jacket which we were ordered to keep with us at all times. Sometimes a plane would appear, circle us a few times, and go away. Three days out came news of the invasion of Sicily, causing many to think that would be our destination.

No one but the ship's crew was allowed out on deck at night. The loudspeaker proclamation, "Blackout now!!" soon after sunset was the signal which sent everyone below decks and shut all portholes and companionways against light seepage visible to possibly lurking subs. Evenings, before going to bed, were spent playing cards and bingo, and frequently stumbling over unidentified bodies in darksome corners.

It came as a surprise to us to discover the double standard of messing facilities characteristic of British boats. In the matter of food the officers fared very well but the enlisted men's stomachs usually protested.

Every means of combating the subs was used. Even the garbage was no exception. In the still of the night the necessary job of emptying the garbage cans took place so that no tell-tale debris would give information during the day to enemy underseacraft.

A light hearted, cheery voice awakened us mornings with: "Show a leg!"

When warning us against certain infractions the voice was threatening: "You will be dealt with," it said.



We were subjected to the usual troopship rumors: that a plane had sunk a sub just ahead of us; that a sub unable to catch up with us had radioed ahead to another which was now lying in wait.

There were a couple of scares, probably premeditated to get us in trim in case something really did happen. Once the loud-speaker announced, "Air attack expected!" We as-



sembled at our action stations below deck and heard the ack-ack guns firing away, but they were only practicing. One morning the omnipresent Voice got us out of bed with: "Unidentified aircraft approaching!" — another dry run; it was only a friendly plane. Muster stations above decks were assigned in case the boat was to be abandoned.

A distinguished passenger aboard was the author Vincent Sheean, a Lt. Colonel in the Air Corps, and one of the highlights of the voyage was a lecture by him on world affairs.

In spite of official silence as to our destination, we were certain that Casablanca would be journey's end. Twice during the voyage we were given our first taste of atabrine. A few got sick, though most were none the worse. Enough C-rations for two days were also issued to tide us over when we landed.

We arrived in Casablanca on July 15th, eight days after sailing, and exactly one year to the day after the hospital's activation.

T'Sgt Harold Berman also jotted down his impressions, from which we quote, of this our first water-borne invasion of Old World shores:

"This morning at reveille (6 July '43) we are told to have our 'A' barracks bag ready by noon. At 1330 hours we are ready to leave. The uniform is our sun-tans with full field pack, gas mask, and our 'B' bag slung over our shoulders..."

"Aboard ship chow is served three times daily at 0700, 1130 and 1700 hours. The food isn't very good; we use our mess kits. The mess hall is very crowded and smelly. When we go to mess we must wear our pistol belts and life preservers. Boy! What a job trying to get through these long, narrow halls with all this equipment..."

"Fresh water is turned on for two hours each morning and two hours in the afternoon..."

"Sleeping is a real problem and has become quite a science. If you can find a place to stretch out you are very lucky and it is plenty hot down here. I sleep on a mess table, other men around me sleep on the floor, on the benches, and in hammocks suspended from the ceiling beams.."

"The Red Cross gives out packages which include stationery, soap, books, a pencil, razorblades, shoe cloth, and cigarettes... the canteens aboard ship are nicely stocked. The drinks taste funny and are not cold. The cookies are English and are very good..."

"Nurses and officers have a deck for themselves... I spend most of my day on deck just watching the ocean. It has the appearance of marble where the hull breaks the water..."





BIRDS' EYE VIEW OF DOWNTOWN CASABLANCA.

boats. A large French battleship is being repaired."

Packs on backs, gaped at by Arabs, and Senegalese, we descended the gangplank and formed ranks. There arose a strange complexity of emotions. We felt somehow much more heroic, much more soldierly than we had felt heretofore in the Army; we were overseas.

We climbed into waiting trucks and began the ride to Camp Don B. Passage on the city's outskirts. Arab road repair crews stood aside as we sped by. We waved and shouted to them banteringly and they returned our greetings. Watching us as we puffed on cigarettes they cried: "Smook! Smook!" and scrambled on the ground for the whole cigarettes or the fag ends we threw to them.

At the Camp cans of cold C-rations were opened and we devoured the contents hungrily. Despite their temperature they tasted good. We were sampling C-rations for the first but by no means last time. Soon, very soon, they were to turn into objects of abhorrence for us.

In fields of stifling, dusty, red earth characterizing that region, the enlisted men pitched their pup tents and the

"I am able to wash my underwear, socks, and handkerchiefs for the first time (13 July '43)... the food remains lousy. Some fellows go without eating, rather than eat the stuff they throw at you. Other men buy roast turkey from members of the crew. Some nurses bring turkey sandwiches for us fellows from their own mess hall..."

"Early this morning (15 July '43) a converted yacht picked us up to escort us into port. Land was sighted at 0905. We then were sent below to get our things together. Our Unit is the first to disembark. I get a glimpse of land through the port hole; the buildings are small and white; they sit on a side of a hill. As we move in closer I see the harbor of Casablanca and some nice modern buildings, also some sunken



PALAIS DE JUSTICE, CASABLANCA.



PART OF CAMP DON B. PASSAGE.

officers their pyramids. A short distance away the nurses were billeted in pyramids. A fine powdery redness soon permeated our skins, hair, eyes, and clogged our nasal passages. It infiltrated our clothing and held on almost with the tenacity of a dye, sometimes impossible to remove even after a soap and water scrubbing.

Ruthie Herrmann, one of our Red Cross girls, came through with these graphically descriptive lines on conditions there:



MISS RUTH HERRMANN.

"I think that I shall never see
A place I'd rather never be
A place so Goddamn full of flies
And dust and heat and lice and sighs
Of homesick Yanks and Englishmen
By God, I'd never come again.

"A place that stinks of dirt and rot
The nights are cold, the days are hot
Where home is a tent and a 'john' is a hole
And the desert sand is a puking bowl.
A bath is something unknown to man
If it weren't for dirt we might get tan.

"We left the States to the blare of a band
Prepared to get to a promised land.
We expected hardships, sight unseen,
But we didn't bargain for this damn latrine.
We expected to sleep out under the stars —
Instead we snore 'neath mosquito bars.

"Our seats are calloused, our noses raw,
Our hair resembles filthy straw
We hike for miles at a funeral pace,
Pitch pup tents all over the place,
Do calisthenics 'til we're ready to quit
Then, by God, we're too dry to spit

"Poems are made by gals like me
Who wish they'd never seen the sea.".



NURSES WAITING TO ENTRAIN AT CASABLANCA
FOR TRIP TO BIZERTE.



TYPICAL MOORISH ARCHITECTURE.

It was that third dose of atabrine, taken at camp after the prior tablets uneventfully taken on shipboard, which knocked so many of us for a loop. Upset stomachs growled, and the small hours of the night were made hideous with much wailing and gnashing of teeth, upchucking and running to the latrine; we had acquired the "atabrine trots."

Casablanca's novelty enthralled us for a time, as what strange city wouldn't? In addition to Americans its streets held a welter of French, British, ebony Senegalese Colonials, gowned Arab men, and mystically veiled Arab women. The Arab quarters, or Medinas, both the old and the new were off-limits to us. Surrounded by walls they were situated in different parts of the city. The Old Medina was much nearer the port and was probably on the site of the ancient Phoenician city of Anfa. A Red Cross tour of the city of Casablanca included certain portions of the New Medina, dominated by its minareted mosque, and the Anfa Hotel, scene of the history-making Casablanca Conference.

The graceful curves and arches of Moorish architecture and the straight lines of functional

European construction lived side by side in the narrow serpentine alleys and along the wide arrow-straight highways like the Boulevard de la Gare, a main drag if ever we saw one. Its sidewalks were one day lined with cheering throngs as General de Gaulle rode through with his entourage enroute to the resplendent Place Lyautey for a council of war.

"Don't let'em sell you a magic carpet," was the warning whenever you went to town. Arab peddlers hawked fancy goatskin wallets, cigarette cases and change purses along the sidewalks. Shops and bazaars were filled with Arab slippers, embroidered with gold and silver thread; beautiful daggers with silver sheaths inwrought with intricate designs and patterns and sometimes inscribed with passages from the Koran; leather hassocks and handbags; hammered bronze vessels with stippled abstractions; and a profusion of other oddities — all of them tempting bait to catalyze out of dormancy our latent G I souvenir hunting instincts.

You could sit inside bistros or at sidewalk cafes gazing idly at the passing scene while drinking vermouth, absinthe, vin rouge, vin blanc, the soothing Grenache, anisette, or flat, watery French beer. The bottle scarcity astounded one. When buying a bottle of wine to take out, an empty one had to be offered in exchange. With luck an empty bottle would not be required provided 20 francs extra were paid for the one containing your wine.

Each and every purchase was attended with a plaguey mental conversion of American to French currency — fifty francs to a dollar, two cents to a franc, fifty centimes to a cent.

French and Arab moppets hounded our footsteps with plaintive pestering for "bumbum" and "choo-gum." Shoe shine purveyors in the shape of tiny Moslem urchins shrilled, "Shine! 'Medican polish!'".

On some days the enlisted men worked down at the docks supervising



TRANSPORTATION A LA ARABIC; NOTE CADILLAC REAR SPRING SUSPENSION, FORD WHEELS, AND PLENTY OF HORSE POWER.

Arabs loading ships. When anyone felt like it and had the day off, there was a choice of two beaches at which to bathe: Ain Diab, slightly south of the city; or Fedala, to the north, famed in song and saga as the happy hunting ground of Stella the Belle. By this time there were to be found wandering about the unit area at their fosterparents' heels, several adopted African pets: a baby pig, two ducks, and two dogs.



CAPTAIN BROWN AND FRIENDS.

barbed wire boundary were impoverished natives who would do anything for a mattress cover, barracks bag, cigarettes, or candy. Some of our fellows who would give anything for a bottle of wine, bargained with them. The natives used American slang very well but the words they had learned so glibly are unprintable here.

In the fields and roads around camp, dromedary camels comprised one of the main features of the Moroccan landscape. They weren't in any Zoo this time but common-every-day pack animals and plowers of the fields.

"A camel has a single hump,
A dromedary two,
Or just the other way around,
I'm never sure. Are you?"

Our new, exotic experiences at last provided the answer to Ogden Nash's bewilderment.

The dromedary camel has one hump, the other, or Bactrian camel has two.



SWIMMING POOL AND PLAY SPACE AT AIN DIAB.



FEDALA BEACH SERVICE CLUB.



CENTURY
PLANTS.



TYPICAL CASABLANCA AVENUE.

FEDALA BATHING BEACH.





CLEANING UP ENROUTE TO BIZERTE, THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES.

August 9th, saw the majority of us breaking camp and commencing the hellish, agonizing train ride to Bizerte, a trip seared on our memories ineradicably, as with a branding iron. A few dozen luckier individuals went by motor convoy two days later. In the morning our barracks bags were collected, at noon tents were struck and the area policed. The policing job left much to be desired so the Colonel ordered a repeat. The beating sun created short tempers and this, coupled with the fact that some fellows had had too much wine, resulted in several fisticuff displays in one of which the First Sergeant was knocked down.

Trucks carried us to the railway station and Oh! what a beat up train we were honored with! We were being sacrificed on the altar of the ill-famed 40 and 8's, but for the next six days and nights we'd also have to call this altar "home." On the sides of the endless array of box cars the printing read "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" in explanation of their alternative human or equine capacities, rear ends included. Yes! Manure had to be swept out!

The cars filled up with some two dozen men apiece. The officers rode in relative opulence in a shabby coach, and the nurses too had a couple of similar coaches to themselves. From among the officers were appointed pairs of car commanders who alternately rode with the enlisted men in the box cars for twenty-four hour stretches.

We had almost nothing to eat but cans of cold C-rations. After a while they began to get us down, for as one of us put it: "You have to be pretty hungry to eat C-rations for breakfast." It got so that you had to be pretty hungry to eat them at all; we began to get upset stomachs which stayed with us for the rest of the trip. Sometimes we could buy grapes and melons from the Arabs. Rarely we were able to vary our diet with some fresh eggs or by trading our rations for tinned beef with passing British Eighth Army troops, a hardly worthwhile transaction.

More than a few of us subsisted almost exclusively on the C-ration biscuit unit consisting of hard candy, powdered cocoa or coffee or lemonade to be dissolved in water, a few lumps of sugar, and those circular pieces ofhardtack. The coffee tasted passably well in a canteencupful of water, but the lemonade resembled the acid you pour into a storage battery. In the grab bag of biscuit units the prize packages were those with the cocoa, the best tasting and most nourishing drink of the three. Many a biscuit and many a hard candy were tossed to natives who stood along the track on our line of travel. To them our detested C-rations were ambrosia.

There was the time when an Oran bound carload of WACS was hitched to our caravan and traveled with us part of the way. When they got off they left with us such delicacies as loaves of white bread, and canned peaches, pineapple, fruit cocktail, and jam.

Through the glaring, enervating heat of the days and the silent coolness of the nights we progressed haltingly across the now verdant, now barren Moroccan and Algerian countryside. Our dust respirators came in handy in the innumerable choking black tunnels. One morning found us pursuing a sinuous course high in the Atlas range and gazing from our vantage point at a breathtaking and eye-catching panorama of valleys, gorges, and mountains.

At times we'd be delayed for hours for one reason or another; perhaps a train



BIZERTE'S FRONT DOOR.

was due to pass us at one of the infrequent sidings of the single track line, or engines needed changing, or cars needed shifting. Here and there we'd stop for water, always a scarce item during the journey. To be able to wash hands and faces was a luxury; sometimes the good fortune would be granted us to shave and perform our ablutions with limited amounts of hot water drained from the engine. We'd rush over, fill our helmets with the stuff and carry it back to the cars.

Very late one night, as we decelerated to a jerky stop, we were awakened to take on drinking water which would have to tide us over until sometime the following day. We grabbed our canteens and stumbled sleepily out into the Algerian night time. A cascade of pallid light was parachuting down from the planetarium of a sky seeded with blue-green stars. Canteens filled, we trudged back to the cars and the engine once more started on its jolting way.

It was a little harder than simple for more than a score of men to stretch out

at night in a single, cramped box car. Some few tried to sleep by day and rode out the night with feet dangling over the sides. The rest flopped down and covered up with blankets, to fall into a troubled sleep lying in every conceivable position — all of them uncomfortable — with arms and legs sprawling in all directions. Of course, there were no lights in the train.

From the railroad station outside Algiers we could catch sight of the city rising in terraced whiteness up from the sea. Here we caught our first glimpse of the Mediterranean.

Whole train loads of Nazi prisoners from the recently crushed Afrika Korps, passed us from time to time on their way to internment. They seemed unperturbed



as they sat singing Volkslieder in four part harmony under the direction of a Kapellmeister. We could envy them in one respect — they were going to the U.S.A. Senegalese troops also passed us and they'd often be willing to trade or sell us curious rings and other articles they possessed.

Once as daylight faded into evening while the train was dragging up an incline some of the rear cars became suddenly detached and started rolling backwards. Someone had the presence of mind to manipulate a hand brake which stopped us dead in our wrong way course, otherwise we would have gathered speed and might have careened off the track where it curved sharply less than a mile back. Swinging flashlight lanterns a few of the boys hastened to the curve to warn any train approaching from behind; luckily none came. Considerable time passed before our engine returned to hook us on again.

Here's Nurse Gertrude Warner's description of the journey:

Transportation 'cross this nation
Is mostly all of French creation.
Some folks think back there at home
That it is fun o'erseas to roam.
But please bear with me while I write
Of our troop train both day and night.

All of us were dressed the same
As we piled into the train;
Navy slacks and shirts light blue,
Field shoes, leggings, helmets, too.
Musette bags and barracks bag,
Canteens, gas masks, made us sag.

French trains all have wide compartments
Without our modern sleek appointments.
First, second or third class style
We stumbled on in single file.
Three of us on each long seat —
Plenty of room to spread our feet.

We piled our bags above our heads
On two mesh shelves we used for beds,
And settled down for a long, long ride
Over the dusty countryside.
At first we chatted blithe and gay,
Happy to be on our way.

Hunger pangs soon made us eat
Our "C" can of "Beans and Meat."
A spot of lemonade thrown in
With biscuits hard and not too thin.
Mountains loomed ahead so high;
Dusk was darkening the sky.

No electric lights to see
Where our place to sleep would be,
As we pulled our bags back down
And draped our blankets all around.
Some preferred the floor for bed
With their sweaters under head.
Others, their beds did improvise
Piling seats on bags lengthwise.

Sleep that first night was elusive
Conversations weren't conclusive.
When we had fallen off to sleep
Lice and bedbugs began to creep;
First they bit us on the ear
And when we turned, attacked the rear.
We cursed them all with wicked phrases;
They raised big welts that itched like blazes
On every one of our exposed places —
Legs and arms, and even faces.

When we woke at morning light
All of us were a sorry sight.
Train was standing in the station
So we sent a delegation
For warm water from the engine,
So that we could take a spongin'.
We brushed our teeth right out the window
Kind of difficult and slow.

For breakfast we had hash or stew
And luke-warm coffee — an awful brew.
We slung our garbage to the breezes
And wiped our mess kits on chemises,
Then settled down to window gazing
Watching goats and cattle grazing.

We stopped at all the tiny stations
While Arabs gathered with relations
And begged of officers and non-coms
"Please, gimme cigarettes and bon-bons!"
Some were comical and small;
Others smiled and that was all.

Perhaps I shouldn't mention this
But, water closets we did miss;
A single hole both wide and round
With foot-rests, too, was all we found.
Our duties there were quite specific
For odors there were sure terrific!

A helmet of water we all did crave
When the sun beat down in a torrid wave.



We washed standing up with
the shades pulled down
And juggled the soap like a circus clown.
When we were clean and powdered, too,
We gave all our clothes a quick shampoo.

We hung them inside and 'though we tried,
The dirt was still there when they dried.
But we wore them and wore them
And most of us tore them,
And when we arrived with aching backs
They clung to us like sugar sacks.

Oh, the mountains were high
and the valleys wide,
The tunnels were long and dark inside.
The grapes hung heavy from many a vine —
A verdant promise of sweet white wine.
Mosques gleaming white in the bright
moonlight

Really were a beautiful sight.

When the journey's end showed 'round
the bend,
Our voices we raised in harmonious blend.
Forgotten almost were the hardships
we'd known;
At last we had reached our African home;
Oh, the months may be many 'til we get back,
But we'll steer clear of that railroad track.



Desert's
Edge

North
Africa



RIDING IN THE 40 AND 8.

Front: GUGLIELMO, STURM, MARGARELLA.

Second: JOHNSON, STRINING, KEEsing, ADAMS, FLICK, FRASER, HIHN,
DAMPMAN, KAVANAUGH, LITTLE, GYURICSKO, CARNAVALE.

In car: GIANIKIS, GOMENGINGER, HERSTETTER, LONG, MAGUIRE,
Back row: SUE, Maj. ROZENDAAL, BERMAN, JENSEN, STRANSKY.



EARLY MORNING STOPOVER.

Capt. SMEDAL and Col. HARRISON facing train.

Lt. Col. HUNN, Col. CAMPBELL, and Lt. Col. CROWDER.



As we neared Bizerte in Tunisia, hundreds of Italian and German troops, probably captured in Sicily, moved past us on foot to the rear. The Italians, seemingly happy, exchanged greetings with those of us who could speak Italian; the Germans remained quiet.

Beneath the near-full moon of the fifteenth night in August our cross country ride came to a final stop. Throwing our baggage out we jumped after it into the cool Mohammedan night. The First Sergeant's voice was heard shouting, "Come on! Let's get a move on! There's an air raid expected!"

Trucks stood by waiting for us and drove us to a barren, gently sloping hillside covered with stones, cow dung, and heat-browned, stubbly vegetation. Dismayed by our aboriginal surroundings but too knocked out for more elaborate preparations we spread blankets on the rough ground, fell on top of them, and slept far better than we had at any time during the past week. We had arrived on the scene of our first activity as an overseas hospital.

We slept heavily through a light air raid, or maybe it was only Fritz the photog. Awakening the following morning, our first interest lay in taking inventory from our elevated vantage point, of the scene upon which the fortunes of war had thrown us so rudely. We were some half dozen miles south of Bizerte, headquarters of EBS, the Eastern Base Section. Hardly a mile behind the crest of our hill and down in a valley lay a small Arab village of thatched huts and howling dogs. Not far away were a couple of French farm houses and a vineyard in which the still unharvested grapes hung in heavy purple ripeness. Walking past one of these houses you were assailed by the annihilating yet bucolic fragrance of pigstys.

Down the hill but in front of us and across the main highway into Bizerte were an Engineer Depot, the Sidi Ahmed Airport, and Lake Bizerte; while across the lake we could make out the town of Ferryville. Planes kept rising from the air strip pointed directly at us and flew low over our heads. All in all it wasn't a bad vista we thought; we didn't realize we'd be looking at it for nine full months. It was hard to believe at first that this was to be our hospital site—it couldn't possibly be.

We spent the morning of August 16th pitching pup tents, smoothing out the ground beneath, and popping in and out—trying them out for size. "Now we know how a gopher lives," remarked someone.

Sanitary facilities were provided next, or in plain English — straddle trench latrines were dug. The remainder of the day was given over to making ourselves as comfortable as possible in our primitive locale.



the onslaught which was to follow. We slammed on our steel helmets and stared open mouthed at the peaceful skies. We were without a shred of protection so we might as well stand still. Two or three people made the unlucky mistake of diving into foxholes that turned out to be straddle trenches. Splotches of orange light, the first evidence of flak, appeared soundlessly in the sky over towards the north and then were extinguished. The whole sky suddenly lit up with scanning searchlights, criss-crossing at all angles, making a Cubist pattern out of the night.

A terribly bright flare, then others, were dropped by the Luftwaffe and hovered over the harbor lighting up the ship targets and casting our long shadows on the hillside. The ack-ack was now roused to fury; from all sides came staccato explosions aimed at the flares, trying to recreate the natural dark out of this impertinent and artificial day. The guns succeeded in shooting down some of the flares, but many remained and others kept coming.

We seemed to be in the dead center of a series of anti-aircraft batteries and searchlights, unnoticeable in the daytime. One gun position was right at the edge of our encampment. Over in the direction of town, round red balls of scattered rocket fire floated upwards in smooth trajectories until they burst. From another locality came the tracers, two greens and a red, two greens and a red, pursuing one-another higher and higher in shaft after shaft of pyrotechnic brilliance.

Then a searchlight pounced on a bomber and held it, sweeping out a luminous blue-white, airy segment as it stalked its prey. As though drawn by a lodestone, the other beams converged on the first one forming a cone resembling the illuminated framework of some colossal wigwam. Every gun now opened up with concentrated fire, and the night was filled with turmoil; but the plane kept going, rocking its wings as it fled, and was soon out of range. Not all were so lucky because a number were shot down that night.



Soon we began hearing the distant thud of crashing bombs. The raid was aimed at ships in the lake and in Bizerte's outer harbor, but the guns and the bombs seemed uncomfortably close. We could hear the buzz of airplane motors increasing in volume until directly overhead and then receding in the distance but our names were not on any of their bombs. Actually we were in more danger of our own flak than of enemy planes. We heard the whine of pieces of flak as they descended; none of us was hit. We picked up some of it in our area the following morning. There were jagged chunks of steel which would have been unhealthy in any vital spot. Our medical officers treated a few Britishers and Arabs who had been wounded by smaller particles.

The night after the first raid the Luftwaffe paid us another visit, and the display of fireworks not only equalled but outdid its predecessor. Jerry hit an ammunition depot which exploded with upsurges of huge flames visible for a great distance and which took hours to get under control. The most spellbinding vision was a falling plane. Held in a searchlight beam it suddenly turned downward. The beam followed it as it fell while we all looked on breathlessly until it crashed on a hill about four miles away and burst into flames, giving off a shower of blue sparks. From nearby came the victorious cheers of the gun crew which had downed it.

The next morning some of us hitched over to the site of the crash. Nothing was left but a catastrophic wreckage strewn over a blackened area, and here and there lay scattered parts of human bodies — a lump of partially burnt flesh, three feet severed at the ankles, an elbow joint.

In early September before we had received any patients there was a repeat performance. We had by now dug slit trenches for protection, but this was the last time that the Germans bombed Bizerte. About two miles from us an oil dump was hit, sending flames and black smoke hundreds of feet into the air.

It would be more nearly correct to say we were worried than really frightened by these raids. The worry and increased rate of heartbeat were secondary to the overpowering sense of awe and wonderment at the strange beauty of the variegated lighting effects. The urge was always to get out and see what went on instead of hiding under proper cover.

NURSES BANNON, YERDON and Z. SMITH.



BURNING
GASOLINE
DUMP

FIRST
OFFICERS' CLUB.





THE DELUXE
SLEEPER WAS
A LITTLE CROWDED.

They seemed to consider our mess kits "find-the-bottom" cereal bowls with a grinning picture of Mickey Mouse to reward the one who excavated sufficient C-rations to expose it. They were persistent, brazen devils, these flies. Shooing them away was no go, and they'd come back in innumerable power dives without running out of gas. They'd be so absorbed in the novelty of this aromatic American diet fresh from cans that you could very often lift them off with thumb and forefinger like any wingless insect and they'd make no attempt to fly away.

The almost constant wind tempered the heat but at the same time whipped up the most annoying sand storms to add to our discomfort.

It was hardly a cause for wonder when the combination of straddle trenches and unscreened mess resulted in a dysentery outbreak involving hundreds of our personnel. But charge this up to the cost of war because it passed when mess halls and kitchens were screened in and we were more properly settled.

Water had to be hauled in by trailer-truck from a water point near Ferryville; it was a precious liquid, doled out in small portions and carefully used. We bathed in helmets — "spit" baths, the girls called them. The boys had another, earthier name for them. The mobile shower unit which came a short time later, was a luxury by comparison. The shower operator would direct a stream of water under pressure at us from a hose, turning it on or off depending on whether we were at the soaping or rinsing stage.

Soon the Engineers appeared on the scene and began laying out the hospital from their plans. As men got busy there arose from our hillside a charivari of hammering, sawing, blasting, cement mixing. "Fire in the hole!" seemed to become the slogan of the 33d as the Engineers warned people away from the vicinity of a dynamite charge about to be detonated. All this blasting was necessitated by a two foot thick stratum of rock

NURSES JAQUAY
AND WARNER
AND THE SHELTER TRENCH.

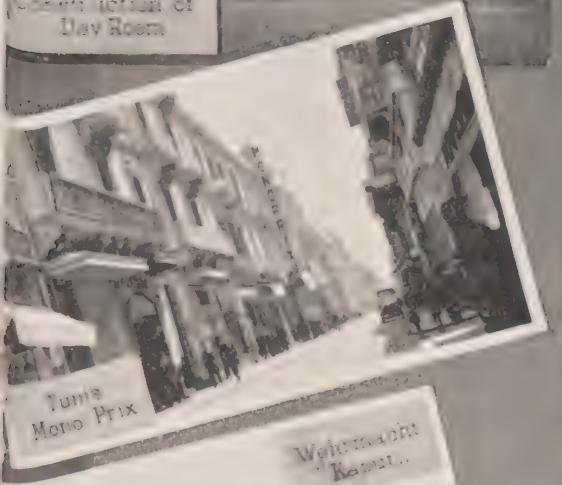


We had an open air mess department at first consisting of some field ranges which seemed to produce nothing more appetizing than heated C-rations. Mess kits in hand we would form a chow line and then eat in a sitting posture on the ground, with our food balanced atop a barracks bag; or else we'd stand around the perimeter of a packing crate using it as a perch for our mess gear.

Relatives of the flies we had met in mortal combat at Casablanca were here at Bizerte ahead of us to seek revenge, almost half-way across North Africa. It was always a race between us and them as to who would consume the more food.

OUR ITALO AMERICAN SOCCER TEAM.







AIR
EVACUATION,
SIDI AHMED.



NISSEN HUT WARD.

beginning a few feet beneath the ground surface and extending over practically our entire area.

Our supplies had come from the States via convoy to Oran, Algeria, and Captains Riefer and Greene had been sent from Casablanca to check on the property. When they arrived in Oran they were told that our unit was expected to assume responsibility for the equipment at the port. A hurry call brought a detail of our men to guard and move the stuff from the port of Oran to a vacant lot in the Arab section of the city. By the time this was accomplished, orders were received to load all property on railroad cars for shipment to Bizerte. And now truck after truck laden with crated supplies — "One General Hospital, complete" — began climbing up our hill and disgorging their contents.

As if from magical, time-compressing seeds, a hospital of tents, prefabs, and Nissen huts burgeoned from the earth, covering the hillside. An adequate water supply was tapped from a nearby source. We bought large porous jugs to hold quantities of cool drinking water.

We had to do a bit of scavenging though, for additional hospital items and personal necessities. Requisitions given the official blessing of the Bizerte Town Major were helpful, but we also found it expedient to widen our enterprise through a judicious use of "moonlight" channels. Sinks, boilers, furniture, cabinets, and many other useful articles were brought from the ruined buildings of Bizerte. Dunnage from the nearby Engineer depot wound up as tables, chairs, and tent floors in our living quarters.

A so-called Sanitary Company composed of former Italian prisoners of war captured in Africa, including their officers, was assigned to us and distributed for duty among the various departments.

On September 13th, 1943 patient No. 1 — an Air Corps lieutenant with an aching back — was admitted to the hospital. On the 15th, just one month after our arrival, the first real load of patients descended upon us. They numbered 275 and were casualties from the recent Salerno landings.

By that time construction was well along, roads built, and electricity installed. Additional construction was continued but did not seriously interfere with the reception and treatment of patients whose numbers mounted rapidly, in fact so rapidly that a 50% increase in bed capacity from 1000 to 1500 was authorized about one week after the unit began to function. At first our ward-tent floors were graveled but later on concrete ones were laid, necessitating considerable checkerplayer movement of patients.

Early in our African sojourn we realized that laundry was a big problem. Provisions were made for processing the regular hospital linen, sheets, pillowcases, pajamas, etc., at a Quartermaster laundry in Mateur about 20 miles distant, but there were no facilities for personnel laundry which for a while was an individual problem. Fortunately the mechanically minded and ingenious Major Smith of our Dental Department took matters in hand. He salvaged two old French washing machines and after considerable improvising a reasonably satisfactory laundry was established. The capacity was not sufficient to meet the demands of all and it was eventually supplemented through arrangements with a QM unit.

SIDI AHMED AIRPORT.





Kneeling: COMMAND.
Back: STURM, I.OVE, KRAFT, QUARTIN,
KOENIG.



Kneeling: WARRINGTON, ROMITO, LOUD,
KLONOWSKI, HEALY.
Back: HENRY, TODD, GEISELMAN,
Col. NYLEN, STITH, SINGER, HOBLOCK.



SPOLSOFF AT GENERATING
MACHINES. BIZERTE

1st Row: KAVANAUGH, Lt. Col. GORDONIER.
2nd Row: MILLS, W. NICHOLS, BUTLER,
FLICK
3rd Row: L. RAY, Lt. ROOT, EASON,
Lt. KOCIK, EMMERICH, COLLINS.



POST OFFICE, P. X.
1st Row: CARLBORG, BOSLEY, HRITZ,
CORTAZZO.
Back: JONES, RONAGHAN, RISSMAN,
WHELAN



BERMAN, GREENE AT DETACHMENT BULLETIN BOARD.



ROMITO, Hritz, Grossi in P. X.



Lt. BENKOWSKI IN WARD B-15.



JONES GIVING HAIRCUT TO CALDRON.



Capt. BAKER IN OPERATING ROOM OFFICE.



WALTER, STURM, T/5 FROM OTHER UNIT.



POMPA, PFISTER, JOYNER, PAYTON, RODEN PACKING AT MESS HALL.



Kneeling front row: DODD, GRANT, REMIA, POWERS.
Back: CLEMENTS, GILBIRDS, LUETH, OLDRYD, GARRISON, FARRY, WHITE, COX.



DENTAL CLINIC: KOECHLEY, KNIGHTON, SHEEHAN, Lt. Col. HUNN, SMITH.



MEDICAL SUPPLY: GREENE, PAUWELS, BOWSER, FENTON, LEVINE, KIRSCH, SCHLOUGH, ITALIAN POW (COBELLIGERENT).



Front: VOKAC, HERZFELD, KEESING, KIO, TOWNSEND.
Back: STURTEVANT, MALLORY, KRIEGER.



BIZERTE OPERATING ROOM.
Front: GIANAKIS, KALSTEIN, HEATON, ROSENBERG,
F. HOLLAND,
Second row: Lt. SAUNDERS, Lt. SMITH, Capt. BAKER,
Lt. WHELAN, TORREY.
Third Row: COSTELLO, HOSHAUER, Lt. YERDON,
Lt. WILLIAMS, Lt. McDONOUGH, Lt. PARKER,
Lt. COWLEY.
Fourth Row: Lt. HODGES, Lt. SULLIVAN, Lt. POWELL,
Lt. VOLK, Capt. SMEDAL.



LABORATORY GROUP IN BIZERTE.
Front: Capt. GOLDSTEIN, Lt. Col. MILLER, Maj.
TOMPKINS, Capt. ABRAHAMS, HOMER.
Center: MEYERS, DAMIANO, MASON, ARNO, L.
WILLIS, ZAPPILE, ARMANDO.
Third: LUTHER, MAYHEW, GORELICK, CLARK, DAWSON.
Fourth: MARCINE, SPRAKER, BERKOW.

RED CROSS IN BIZERTE.
MISS HERRMANN AND MISS PATTERSON AND PATIENTS.





**Primitive
is the
Word for
Transportation
in Morocco**



THROUGH TIME IMMEMORIAL THE LITTLE JACKASS HAS HAD THE BURDENS TO BEAR. FREQUENTLY THE BURDEN IS BIGGER THAN THE ANIMAL. THE CAMEL, TOO DOES HIS SHARE ESPECIALLY IN THE DESERT; AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST THE WOMAN — WHO BEARS THE CHILD AND THEN CARRIES IT ON HER BACK AS WELL.



Two famous personalities paid us a visit during September: Adolphe Menjou, with a USO troupe, and Margaret Bourke White, the photographeuse.

Bizerte itself showed signs of having been a very pretty maritime town in pre-war days; now it was a thoroughgoing wreck, having been well plastered by Allied bombers. Its deserted buildings stood with sheared off walls and caved in roofs and its civil populace, both French and Arab, had been evacuated. Almost none but military personnel was to be seen in its streets from which the rubble was in process of being cleared. In most places this rubble had been simply shoved onto the side walks making them useless for pedestrian traffic.

Ferryville, named after the early French colonizer of Tunisia, Jules Ferry, was hardly touched but did not contain much to hold one's interest after a visit or two.

While the weather continued warm, we could go swimming in the pellucid blue waters of the Mediterranean at beaches near Bizerte; water so transparent that U-boats could be spotted easily fifty feet under the surface, hence submarine warfare never became a great success in this area. During time off we'd usually try to get away from our rather sordid hillside and the beach provided a welcome change of scenery.

Four ward tents appeared one day on the hospital grounds. This was the Triage Center (from the French word meaning "sorting") which came to be the nucleus for the entire hospital evacuation system of Bizerte. All the sick and wounded who were evacuated by air transport and hospital ship from Italy, Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica passed through this center as soon as they arrived in North Africa. Air



THE RAINS CAME.

evacuees were flown to the Sidi Ahmed Airport across the road from us; the hospital ship patients came from the port about six miles away. The patients were sorted at the Triage according to their ailments and sent by ambulance to hospitals specializing in the proper treatment for such cases. We received all neuro-surgical, maxillo-facial, and eye injury cases.

The dismal African rainy season began with the onset of fall. Just for good measure hailstones the size of marbles fell, beating a tattoo on the metal roofs of the Nissen huts. The fact that the parched and dusty fields around us took on a sudden green hue hardly sufficed to compensate for the marrow-penetrating cold and the thick mud in our own area. It could have been worse, though, had we been situated on low ground instead of on a hillside from which the drainage

of surface water was excellent but this too was small consolation. Those unfortunate individuals who were caught without flooring found rivulets flowing through their tents and these sometimes became torrents, coursing under cots and parting into branches when obstructed by barracks bags. But before the flood could carry us off, all living quarters were provided with wooden floors.

It was no fun to be compelled to go squooshing through the mud even in high shoes, leggings, or rubber boots. The mud clung to our foot gear making each successive step heavier, until the entire sticky mass dropped off only to commence another cycle. We fashioned boot scrapers outside the tents and buildings, but we still couldn't avoid tracking the mud inside.

The strong winds continued, blowing down several ward tents without injury to anyone. Doors were affixed to tent entrances and were much more convenient than having to duck in and out of tent flaps.

For a considerable time after cold weather began, fuel was a problem. There was a far from adequate coal supply even for ward tent stoves, and none at all for our quarters. Every scrap of wood and every ration carton was used for heating. The only way to keep warm was in bed, but there just wasn't any future in it. Some of us improvised stoves out of five-gallon cylindrical oil cans. In the end all wards and quarters received oil burners.

There were a couple of occasions when oil burners furnished a trifle more heat than the canvas tents could stand, and they were burned to the ground in less time than it takes to tell about it. While we are on the subject of conflagrations we might mention the excitement one day the following spring when a leaking 55-gallon gasoline drum was set afire, apparently by the sun's rays. It attracted quite a gathering and blazed away cheerfully looking deceptively harmless, until it exploded in a roar of billowing flame which rose into the air and started down towards us. There was no lead in anyone's pants as we took off in frenzied flight, stumbling and skinning knees and arms. Nothing was burned except two nearby tents, one of them a laundry tent from which most clothing had been removed as soon as the fire was discovered. The dispensary ran a fire sale on bruise treatments that day.

The chief center of interest for sightseers was Tunis, one of the greater North African metropolises, some fifty miles to the south. Arriving in the forenoon, a typical day spent there might begin with a shopping tour of the department stores (of which Tunis, like any American city, could boast of several) followed by visits to the innumerable smaller shops. Leather handbags, or silver filigree bracelets, brooches, and earrings were among the more popular items that caught the eye of the souvenir hunter. After being rooked for a high-priced lunch in a French civilian restaurant you could take the train on the Avenue de Jules Ferry out to the ruins of ancient Carthage for a look-see.

A few stations further on was Sidi Bou Said, one of the cleaner Arab towns, situated on a promontory with a magnificent view of the Gulf of Tunis having the Cape Bon peninsula as a back drop.

Or you could hang out the sides of a trolley car already bulging with Frenchmen and Arabs and visit the well kept Parc Belvedere, or the Bardo Museum, replete with antiquities dug up from the ruins of long decayed Mediterranean civilizations. For those desiring to travel in



FIRE !!





STURM AND MOLLIN IN TUNIS



THE GRAND MOSQUE AT KAIROUAN.

SENEGALESE POLICE.





Left:
CHAPLAIN
CONNELL.



PARFUMERIE
TUNISIENNE
AVEC WHELAN.

style, horse drawn carriages were available — at a price. A pass from the office of the Town Major was the open sesame to the Kasbah, the native quarter whose entrances were guarded by eagle eyed MPs. The Kasbah was an evil smelling place of narrow tortuous alleys, some wide streets, cramped together houses, and all manner of shops and bazaars. There was this one perfume alcove, a hole-in-the-wall affair with hardly enough room to swing a Koran, where the proprietor burst with pride as he showed you his certificate from the New York World's Fair and a ponderous tome filled with signatures of his pre-war American customers — he said. Amid the Kasbah squalor was the palace of the Bey of Tunis, like a precious stone in a base metal setting. Unprepossessing from the outside, it was a treasure house of ornate furniture, tapestries, and interior decoration.

Not so frequently visited as Tunis, because of their distance, were the interesting and well preserved ruins of ancient Dougga, one of the Roman colonies in North Africa and Kairouan, a town venerated in the Moslem religion, now an important rug manufacturing center. One of the oldest mosques in all Islam was to be found in Kairouan as were the tomb of Mahomet's barber and a few hairs from the Beard of the Prophet himself. For pious Mohammedans, three pilgrimages to Kairouan were the equivalent of one to Mecca.

Usually after one of these jaunts to places of interest a dinner would be bought in Tunis and then it was back to camp. Some of our group formed firm friendships with Tunisian families and would often visit and dine with them.

Some time after our arrival in Bizerte, an eight piece enlisted men's band had been organized by Emil Bernowski and during festive evenings strains of dance music were wafted upward from our hillside. They were a crackerjack set of musicians and later, when we got to Rome, they were chosen to play at the "Stars and Stripes" first annual dance held at the Foreign Correspondents Club and their reputation has followed them throughout Italy.

Our taste buds, all too seldom teased by delectable food packages from charitable civilians at home, had been taking a fairly continuous beating in our regular meals from a steady stream of Vienna sausage, Spam, and chili con carne — unquestionably wholesome diets, dripping with nourishment, vitamins, and all that — so it was a welcome relief to have turkey for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Years. Our rations did eventually improve until we were getting fresh meats and vegetables quite regularly.

Fourteen thousand V-mail greeting forms for the use of our patients and personnel at Christmastime were mimeographed from stencils drawn by an artist patient.

January 1st, 1944 came on with a rush of high winds, sleet, and hail; casualties included some more ward tents and the Officers Club tent; even a few latrines were flipped over on their sides by the playful breezes and smashed beyond repair.

During our winter in Africa the Engineers built us a large Romney hut for use as a recreation hall, where movies and USO shows were given and dances held. The chairs were made from the metal shipping cases for aerial bombs.

The first overseas nuptials among members of our own unit were in January 1944 when Captain Joe Sullivan and Lieutenant Dottie Schwartz were married, closely followed by Captain Benny Volk and Lieutenant Mary Richtmyer. A "Honeymoon Row" of two pyramidal tents was set up to house the couples when then returned from their wedding trips to Tunis, and Palermo in Sicily, respectively.



ANCIENT MOSAICS, DOUGGA.



VOLKSWAGON.



TEMPLE RUINS, DOUGGA.



THRONE ROOM, BEY'S PALACE, TUNIS.

And so we lived through more months of winter, and the tempestuous winds became zephyrs and the African spring went tumbling over the hill tops and down into the valleys, brushing them lavishly out of an inexhaustible palette of floral pigments. Fresh bouquets for all wards and living quarters could be had daily just for the picking. We were surrounded by an enormous flower garden, which was still growing when we left for a new site in Italy.

A bulldozer and a scraper went to work on a lower portion of the hill where the slope was not too bad and laid out an athletic field. Our basketball team had been playing indoors in a Bizerte building all winter, and now soccer and softball teams were formed. The company of Italians with us organized a soccer team too. A kind of international schedule was made up including teams from British, Italian, and American units nearby and the games usually attracted a cheering ring of spectators.

We kept our shoulders to the wheel of regular hospital duties for some additional weeks. At the stroke of midnight on May 1st, 1944 no further patients were admitted to the hospital. We transferred or evacuated those who remained and then began the rat race of dismantling our hospital, packing equipment and supplies in preparation for movement.

SCAVENGERS WATCHING OUR PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE.



Photos by T/4 Joseph Gorelick



AFRICA "Packing Up"

Photos by T/5 Willard E. Warrington



Photos by Capt. Robert B. Gottschalk



Photos by T/4 Joseph Gorelick



PANORAMA OF



FIRST CASES (OUR OWN NURSES) BIZERTE.



LOOKING TOWARD LAKE BIZERTE.



PANORAMA OF



BIZERTE SITE.



OSPEDALE REGINA ELENA.



FOUR SIMULTANEOUS OPERATIONS, ROME.

DETACHMENT AREA, ROME.

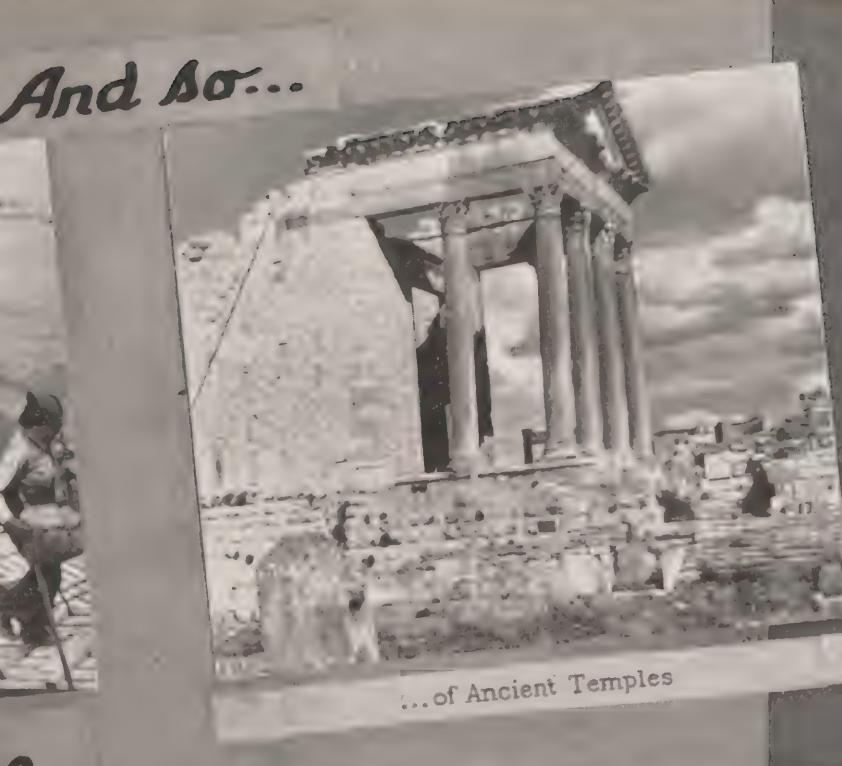


...And So...

..We Left Africa.. a Place..



...Tunerville like Trolleys



...of Ancient Temples



...gnarled Trees



...Arab Mosques



...and Camel Caravans

On May 19th most of the officers, all the nurses, and about 150 enlisted men heaved their barracks bags onto lined up trucks, climbed in after them and began their final descent of the hill. At the docks in Bizerte they boarded the Hospital Ship "Shamrock" to the tune of our own band which sat playing a little peppy music at the foot of the gangplank. Also on board was the staff of a French military hospital which had been functioning in Ferryville. The boat headed across the Mediterranean that afternoon and, passing through the strait between Capri and the mainland, arrived in Naples harbor 24 hours later. Being a hospital ship, it traveled in a straight course unarmed and fully illuminated at night; the Geneva Convention, you know.

Several days later a second wave followed with all our vehicles in a Liberty ship which sailed in convoy with many of her sisters, taking four days for the trip.



ABOARD THE "SHAMROCK".

This time it was a group of 50 enlisted men plus two officers, and about the only noteworthy incident was the narrow escape of a couple of six-by-sixes which were almost dumped overboard into the Bay of Naples when it came time to unload.

On May 25th, section number three of our mass exodus from Africa hit the decks of the good Indian trooship whose name went something like "Takaliwa" — "Lucky Duck," was the translation some inquisitive soul got from an Indian doctor aboard. Several officers and the largest single group of our men, close to two hundred, comprised this movement. That evening they pulled the short distance into Bizerte's outer harbor and waited until the next day to join up with a dozen or so other fast vessels which plowed across the sea together. They reached Naples the following morning, beating by one day the slower convoy which had set out ahead of them.

Another few days passed and the fourth and last group of our personnel, four officers and a hundred men, bade adieu to Tunisia and departed. Their Liberty ship was part of a huge convoy. Somewhere east of Malta the convoy divided, one part continuing eastward and the portion with our heroes aboard, picking up air coverage, veered towards Sicily where it halted for one day at the harbor of



DOWNTOWN NAPLES.



DOCKSIDE, NAPLES.

Augusta. Continuing, it fell in with another convoy and passed through the Straits of Messina in the wake of mine sweepers. Skirting the Lipari Islands, the volcano of Stromboli was seen erupting and pouring its hot lava over the crater sides much like the pouring of hot steel from a crucible. At night the glow from this volcanic activity could be seen for many miles. The hot steam rising from the places where the glowing hot lava met the sea created clouds that rose for hundreds of feet in the air. On June 5th our last stragglers dropped anchor at Naples after a leisurely six day cruise.

The 33d General Hospital had now arrived on the European continent. Our Bizerte hillside was once more a cow pasture, and Nature was already beginning to reclaim her previous domain. All traces of our stay were being obliterated — except for a score of "Latrine Closed" signs standing silent watch; but even these memorials would disappear in time.

The boldly conceived, modernistic structures with heroic murals which stood at Bagnoli, outside Naples, were on the site of the Fair Grounds intended by Mussolini as the setting for a World's Fair; but a war was ripping a bloody path up the Italian boot and had knocked his plans askew. The grounds were now a Medical Center where American general and station hospitals were using the pre-existing buildings and had pitched their own tents in addition.

Our African slogan had been "Bombay by May" but we had turned up in Napoli after all. We agreed unanimously that our new environment was a vast improvement over the old, not only because the scenic aspects of the Neapolitan Bay region are among the earth's loveliest, but because of the change from a lonely hill to a place where life moved, where there was a perpetual swirl of activity. We were not to operate our hospital here; this was just another staging area until orders came to move on elsewhere.

"Travelers," Baedeker charmingly insists, "require to modify their habits to some extent in Italy. Rooms facing the south are essential for the delicate, and desirable for the robust." Delicate or robust, we hadn't and still haven't any guarantee of southern exposure. The enlisted men lived at the Medical Center, many of them being assigned to hospital duties, while the officers and nurses were billeted at the adjacent Terme de Agnano, a peacetime spa, with the commissioned personnel of the 21st General Hospital

STAGING AREA, NAPLES.
TERME D'AGNANO.





ROME CHOW LINE
FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: HORBY, JAMES, CAUZZO, TURNER,
POWERS, LUETH, ALEXANDER, SCHRODER, SIRILLA.

then operating at the Center. With the exception of the office staff, all the nurses were soon sent to other hospitals for temporary duty, fifteen going to the Anzio beachhead shortly before its forces broke out and made contact with the main Fifth Army forces.

Allied bombers had given the waterfront of Naples a

thorough working over. Barrage balloons by the dozens floated silently over the harbor area. The picturesque city, sliced in two by the tawdry Via Roma, was a mixture of slums and pretentious homes. It was riotously gay and it was pitiful. It lay stricken with hunger and poverty, and its shops were crammed with expensive baubles. It had olive skinned signorine, sultry and tantalizing, many of whom would give away a great deal for a can of C-rations.

In Naples we had to trade the Tunisian Rues, Avenues, and Places in exchange for Vias, Corsos, and Piazzas. The Red Cross was on the ball in this town; it had provided pleasant clubs for everyone, and conducted interesting tours of the city and vicinity. The renowned San Carlo Opera House was much frequented by allied soldiery, including us. Every city we've been to in Africa and Italy seems to be noted for a particular souvenir item, and Naples was right in line with its cameo industry centered at Torre del Greco. Then there were those pink coral trinkets — so admired by some, so condemned by others.

Cameos were the things to buy — cameos done up in a variety of forms — brooches, rings, pendants, earrings, bracelets, — but you had to be careful because it takes a connoisseur to discern all gradations from worthwhile to worthless. Statistics are unavailable on how many of us got robbed, but the shopping was fun anyway.

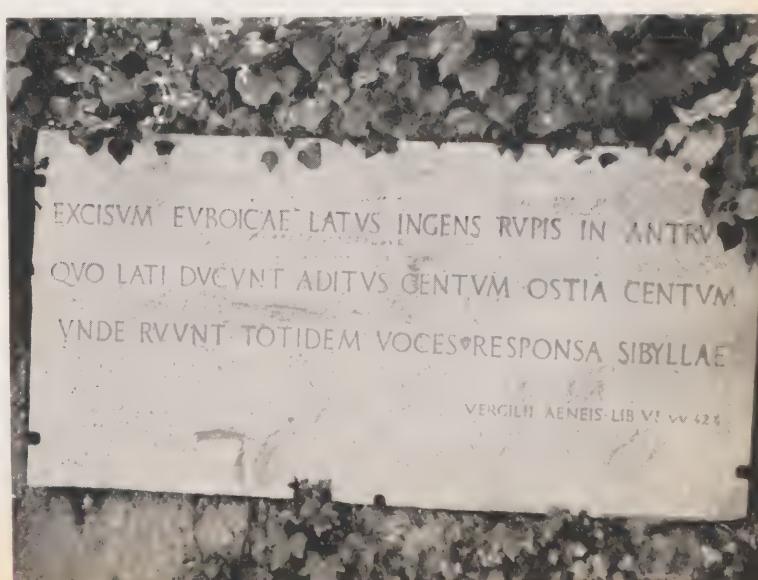
Like many another Mediterranean Cruise customer, we too gave Pompeii the once over. Pompeii with its startling wall pictures, one of them so fascinating and incredible it was kept covered most of the time. Lava-drowned Herculaneum attracted many a sightseer, and the more ambitious ones also ventured a climb to the crater's edge on Mt. Vesuvius. Near Pozzuoli the freakish volcano of Solfatara was worth a visit.

On May 30th, all officers and enlisted men not on temporary duty with other organizations moved to Camp Slattery on the shores of Lake Fusaro, eight miles from the Medical Center. The last of our group to leave Bizerte joined us here. At Camp Slattery in the midst of that Italian region known as the Phlegraean Fields, we were two miles south of the ruins of Cumae, a town older than Rome and interwoven with the most ancient Greek and Roman legends. A narrow neck of land separated the Lake from the Tyrrhenian Sea, and a railroad line from Naples ran by us to the beach. "At the station," says Baedeker's Italy Edition of 1909, "is the Restaurant Degli Antichi Romani," which became our Headquarters building and officers quarters. "One hundred paces farther on is the entrance to the Ostricoltura, the oysters of which are much esteemed." Some of the enlisted men lived there now and it was also the detachment mess, which was not serving any oysters at the moment. "Opposite, in the Lake, is a casino erected by Ferdinand I," now occupied by some Fifth Army officers.

Back a short distance towards Naples were: Baia, the favorite and ancient summer resort of dissolute Roman society; Lake Avernus, according to legend the entrance to the infernal regions, whose poisonous

PLAQUE AT CUMA

"THE EUBOICAE CUT OUT OF THE ROCKS
A GREAT CAVERN WITH A HUNDRED
ENTRANCES, AND A HUNDRED VOICES
REPLY WHEN THE SIBYL SPEAKS".



fumes killed birds in their flight over it; Lake Lucrinus, where Nero tried to drown his mother.

Our staging operations were continuing when Rome fell on June 4th; D-day for Normandy followed in swift succession on the 6th. We kept our ears glued to the radio for invasion news and knew that in a little while we'd be moving again. On June 10th an advance party of two officers and twenty one enlisted men departed for Rome. Our equipment had been transported from the port of Naples to a spot near us on Lake Fusaro, and it was now reloaded on trucks and sent to Rome. Personnel on duty elsewhere were recalled and we moved northward in several truck convoys, passing through the appalling devastation of cities and towns lining the path of the German retreat. The trucks had a slight tendency to get lost trying to find our new location, but our final party arrived in Rome on June 18th, completing the movement and making us the first general hospital to enter the city.



NAPLES-ROME CONVOY.

The Ospedale Regina Elena, with its twin cupolas, was a few minutes ride off Highway No. 1 — the Via Aurelia — in the northwestern suburb of Monte Mario. In the general shape of a square with a large courtyard in the center, this Queen Helen Hospital had been a civilian establishment in peacetime and a German military hospital until just a few days before the city was captured. When we arrived we found mute evidence of a hasty departure, evidence in the form of littered German papers, book pages, rubbish of all sorts, German helmets, Italian cots, garbage cans, and empty beer bottles in boxes labeled "Eigentum der Luftwaffe" — "Property of the Air Force." It was apparent too that there had been deliberate sabotage of hospital fixtures to prevent immediate, efficient use of the building by those who came after.

We unloaded our trucks and put on a burst of speed in making repairs of and adjustments to the building, and installing equipment. The fact that this was our first real building presented us with an abundance of problems not encountered in our previous set up — tracing out electrical wiring, water lines, and sewage lines, adapting Italian sanitary facilities for American use, obtaining an adequate water supply, from the all too narrow Italian pipes, and so on. The rapidity with which we made the place habitable again enabled us to receive our first patients on June 21st. We were furnished a great number of transfers from evacuation hospitals which were ready to move, so that our bed capacity was very quickly reached, necessitating expansion almost immediately. This was accomplished by erecting prefabricated buildings and ward tents, the latter being pitched doubly with a high arch in the center for greater capacity. Previous experience gained in Africa with tents gave us a distinct advantage and accounted for the effectiveness with which our expansion was accomplished and subsequently functioned.

The rapid turnover of patients and their high census, taxed our staff to capacity in the weeks that followed. A number of medical officers and nurses from other units



THE CHAPLAINS. SIDE BY SIDE.



LOOKING EAST FROM THE HOSPITAL ROOF OVER THE FERTILE FIELDS.



COMPANY STREET WITH ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.



A VIEW OF THE LARGEST WARD.



PATIENTS LEAVING RECREATION HALL.



TRACTION ASSEMBLY FOR BROKEN LEG.



ARRIVAL OF BATTLE CASUALTIES.



ALPINO GUARD.



BAND CONCERT IN HOSPITAL COURTYARD.



A NEW TWIST IN PATIENTS CHOW LINES



EXPANSION AREA AND RED CROSS BUILDING, ROME.

A BUSY ORTHOPEDIC WARD.



were placed on temporary duty with us to assist in the increased activity. A system of transferring patients ready for duty to "Duty Tents" in the expansion area the day prior to discharge proved very efficient. The plan made bed space more readily available on the various wards and also centralized patients for disposition

The officers were housed mainly in three separate Italian villas, one on the hospital grounds, the others at some distance; one small group of officers lived in the main hospital building. The nurses took up quarters in one wing of the main building, while the enlisted men set up pyramids in an adjoining horticultural area of century plants, waving palm fronds, a hot house, a fountain, and a distant view of St. Peter's dome — all at no extra charge.

A company of Alpini together with its own officers was assigned to us as a service unit, and lived in the field beyond the enlisted men.

Rome appeared as badly off as Naples as far as food was concerned. When we first arrived, hungry men, women, and children would stand waiting with containers in hand to scavenge any leftover food in our mess kits before we threw it into the garbage cans. They even fished through the garbage cans themselves, searching for edible scraps. It was shocking and almost unbelievable to well fed Americans that hunger could become so intense as to bring people to this.

Our very own bus service to and from Rome was held in high esteem by our personnel. A twenty minute ride and we were in the center of town at the Piazza Venezia where throngs once gathered to see and hear Il Duce. Italy's capital lay hardly scathed outwardly, except for the railway station and some shell fire damage at the southern outskirts. The enemy had decided not to make a battle ground of Rome and had withdrawn, sparing its buildings. It was a far cleaner city, with a better dressed population than Naples. Any guide book provides a complete inventory of Rome, the mistress of the ancient World — of its ruins, monuments, churches, temples, palaces, baths, forums, and obelisks — engraved over the ages by the stylus of time on her seven hills. It is sufficient to say that the Eternal City was a sightseer's paradise of which we took full advantage and, what with plenty of timely diversions of one kind or another, our stopover there was our most memorable and enjoyable thus far.

In July, Secretary of War Stimson, visited the hospital accompanied by the Surgeon General of the U.S. Army, Major General Kirk, and the Surgeon General of **NATOUSA**, Major General Stayer. In August, Archbishop Spellman of New York City, celebrated Mass in the hospital courtyard. One evening the Sistine Chapel Choir sang a solemn high mass.

At the end of August the 33d General Hospital was reorganized under a new T/O into a 1500 bed hospital, although there were times previous to this when our patient census exceeded 2000.

After work eased off somewhat, groups of enlisted men were given passes permitting them to spend several days at the U.S. Army Rest Center in Rome, originally intended as the Olympic Stadium for the 1940 contests which were never held. Quite a few of the officers and nurses at the same time seized the opportunity for a short leave at Sorrento and Capri.

On September 14th we received instructions from the PBS Surgeon to admit no more patients after that date. The following week mass evacuation began in preparation for closing the hospital and on the 24th the last of the patients were gone. What followed resembled what we had been through before ; the history of Bizerte in the previous May repeated itself as we dismantled and packed. At the close of the month we were prepared for movement and, with the cessation of operations, five surgical teams were assigned for temporary duty with the Fifth Army. An advance detail of 71 enlisted men and 7 officers left on October 1st for the Leghorn area, the third overseas station of the Unit.

TRAIN AT FERRYVILLE.

THE ISLE
OF CAPRI.





ITALIAN SHIP SUNK
BY GERMANS TO BLOCK HARBOR.

EXPLODING MINE.

This was the first of a continuous movement by motor convoy and rail transportation of both hospital personnel and equipment that continued until completion on October 7th.

Stretching nine miles north from Leghorn to the small town of Marina di Pisa at the mouth of the Arno river is a coastal highway separated from the Ligurian Sea by a wide sand beach. Upon this beach some five miles out of Leghorn are the buildings of a former Fascist Youth Center and it was here that we set up shop once more. Originally intended as a summer boarding school, the scene in October was unalluring. It was dismal and dreary; it was gloomy, depressing, and cheerless. The rainy season had begun and leaden skies hung over a sullen green sea. The strip of beach near the waters edge was mined and fenced with barbed wire; signs read "Achtung—Minen!" or "Attenzione—Mine!" A string of rude, jerry built, wood supported dugouts lay between the mined portion and the buildings, and great sand dunes were everywhere. On the other side of the highway was a pine forest previously a hunting reserve for Italian aristocracy. In the still of the night we could often hear the distant booming of artillery at the front.

Headquarters opened on October fourth, the same day on which about half of our nurses went on temporary duty to other hospitals, returning later in the month. The job of repairing innumerable defects and making a host of alterations and adaptions in these buildings was Herculean. While this activity was still in progress, our first patients were admitted on October 12th. Around the middle of the month the five surgical teams terminated their duties with the Fifth Army and returned.

At the outset the detachment pyramidal were erected haphazardly among the trees in the forest, but the rains soon transformed the area into an unwholesome morass in which the men waded ankle deep. This was remedied by the Engineers who bulldozed a large clearing free of all vegetation thereby enabling the tents to be arranged in neat rows in a level place which remained relatively dry.

Besides prefabs and ward tents the main hospital buildings numbered three—the surgical, the medical, and a series of seven smaller buildings interconnected by





ON OUR BEACH



ENLISTED MAN'S TENT.

roofed corridors and used as wards and quarters for commissioned personnel. Two separate small buildings furnished additional officers quarters. Our Alpini, who had come along with us, lived in pyramidal tents along the beach north of the hospital area proper.

The city of Leghorn — Livorno in Italian — appeared drab under the rains. It was the chief port supplying the Fifth Army at that time. Prior to its capture in July 1944 it had been subjected to extensive batterings from the air. The "ricoveros" — air raid shelters — must have taken every bit as much use here as in any other Italian city. In former times Leghorn was the Annapolis of Italy and was equally as quaint.

As fall progressed the winds beating against our hospital began to assume the dimensions of gales. They whipped in from the sea with tremendous force, driving rain almost horizontally before them. The rain supplied one advantage in that the beach became firmer under foot the more water it absorbed. When the sand was dry, on the other hand, the wind lifted it and sent whirling tan clouds into our faces.

Work begun in November on hospital expansion into a series of double ward tents of the type used at Rome, had to be halted when these structures were shown to be incapable of withstanding the terrific buffeting of the sea winds. Plans were carried through instead for a layout of single tents with reinforced side walls. A winterization program for the detachment area was also completed.

At Christmas time, 1944, gifts of candy and toys donated by the hospital personnel were distributed by our chaplains to needy children in the vicinity. The holiday season featured dances and parties given by both the officers and enlisted men. The hospital wards were decorated in the spirit of the season with pine trees becoming Christmas trees much the same as at home. On December 27th the Red Cross Auditorium was the scene of a dance and buffet supper sponsored by the detachment and attended by WACS and a group of civilian girls for whom transportation was arranged to and from Leghorn. "Young Ladies," read the invitations printed in Italian, "are requested to be accompanied only by their mothers or by another girl friend, and not to bring along babies." Our own band supplied the music. Two later dances and collations in the early months of 1945 were arranged for the enlisted men by the Leghorn Red Cross at its Victory Club, a former palace of the Duke di Borghese still furnished and decorated as in the past. These dances too were graced by Italian femininity.

January 1945 saw the hesitant beginnings of *The Corps man*, our own hospital weekly news sheet, which has since blossomed from a mimeographed pamphlet into a four page printed paper. It has received accolades as one of the finest unit newspapers in the Mediterranean Theater.



LEGHORN
OFFICERS CLUB.



Front: Ed. WALTERS, Lt. KANNETTE, CHUPAK.
Back Row: Maj. LEADBETTER, Capt. ENGSTER and patients.



EVERHARDT, OTIS JONES, Capt. PADDOCK
MAKE MUSIC FROM THE HILLS.



CHRISTMAS PACKAGES IN BIZERTE.



THREE VIEWS OF CHRISTMAS ON THE WARDS, LEGHORN.





Christmas
in
Italy

1944





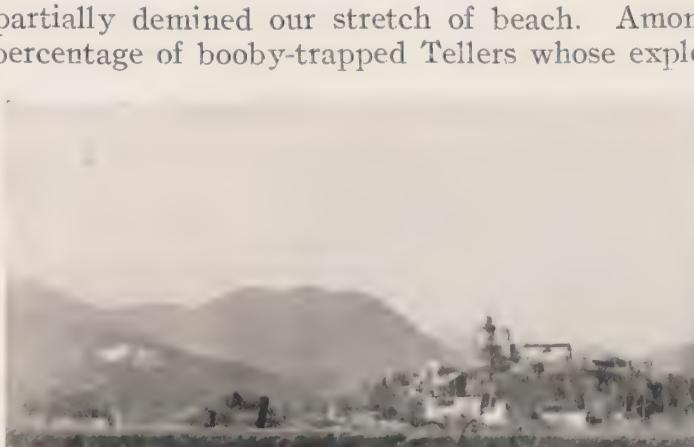
NURSES QUARTERS, LEGHORN.

In the months of February through April, six enlisted men tore off their stripes and received gold bars instead, having won commissions as second lieutenants in the Medical Administrative Corps. They were until that time M/Sgt Joseph Farry, M/Sgt Thomas Loud, T/Sgt Ambrose Roden, S/Sgt Angelo Torrisi, S/Sgt Edward Trowske, and Sgt Leonard Klonowski. Relieved of their assignments here, they were sent to other hospitals.

With the arrival of more clement weather in March came a broad program of outdoor recreation for convalescent patients and hospital personnel. Under the medical supervision of Capt. Myerson and with plans and training directed by Lt. Creech, the ward tent expansion area, vacant for several months past, was thrown open as a Convalescent Reconditioning Center for patients preparing for return to duty. Supervised recreation, physical exercise, military drill, short marches, and daily orientation classes comprised the patients' routine. The Reconditioning Center served also to clear hospital beds and provided a central point for the disposition of patients.

A forested area near the detachment tents was cleared and smoothed off for baseball and softball diamonds, and areas adjoining the hospital buildings were converted to volleyball and badminton courts. Similar courts were laid out in the detachment area. "Victory field", home of the softball 'Dodgers' and the hardball 'Ramblers' soon reverberated to the vocal chords of the 33d's sport enthusiasts, with Nurse Jane Rice leading both the cheering and heckling sections in her role as premier fan. The various hospital departments formed an intramural softball league. The outstanding officers' volleyball teams were the "Volleybaldies" and the "Hairyapes"; the first chosen from among those noggins ravaged by alopecia or tending towards same, and the second selected from more hirsute specimens of primates.

A platoon of Italian soldiers partially demined our stretch of beach. Among the mines removed was a small percentage of booby-trapped Tellers whose explosions shattered many windows throughout the hospital, already sadly depleted of glass panes, ersatzed by versatile Celoglass. Completion of mine clearance by PBS Engineers made the beach available for use during the warm season and the safe portion was demarcated by barbed concertina wire. What had been so forbidding





THE PUTTER SHOP.

ing plan of the hospital as were the other departments. In keeping with the rest of the hospital structure at Bizerte, they first started functioning in a large ward tent. In time they were established in a comfortable eighty foot building enabling them to create a real club atmosphere for the ambulatory patients. Within a comparatively short interval they acquired a moving picture projector and began giving three shows a day, thrice weekly, available to all patients and personnel, including those bed patients who could not come to the recreation hall.

In Rome the Red Cross occupied a single building in the hospital area containing space for a comfort article supply room, recreation room, library and writing room. A craft shop was also maintained in which the patients could work on silver, aluminum, and brass; leather goods; and wood. Outdoors there were beach umbrellas placed about the terraced grounds for shade in the hot summer afternoons. Ping pong tables and horseshoe courts provided active recreation, while hundreds of blocks of Algerian briar were treasured by pipe smokers who whittled out their own souvenir pipes. The Red Cross girls at all times were assigned to certain wards and daily visited the bed patients to write letters or to do other personal services for them. It was by their efforts that bingo games and other recreational activities were brought to the bedsides of these confined men.

At our present location in Leghorn a very large recreation hall in the Medical Building serves the Red Cross needs, while of course the ward services have not been cut down. A large stage has been erected by the Utilities department at one end of the hall on which many ENSA and USO shows and movies have been presented to all patients and personnel. The Ballet Russe, Annabella, Ella Logan, and the Brooklyn Dodgers' Leo Durocher have appeared here. Most of the entertainers have enjoyed going on the wards to present their talents to bed-ridden patients.

Carrying forward the Rome craft shop idea a diminutive two room shack houses the "Putter Shop" where patients keep busy at handicrafts. Artistic skills and desires to work out and idea or to follow a hobby find expression in this little shop. Tools from every form of Army installation have been given for use here. Indeed it has been said that the dentists can sometimes be found there borrowing a drill.

V-E Day coming on the heels of the German surrender in Italy was greeted by an exultant 33d. The detachment nitespot, "Club 33," served free drinks while a formal dance was held at the Officers Club. A high pitched hum became audible from the direction of Livorno as the joyous clamor



MISS HALL, ARC, INSTRUCTS PATIENTS IN HANDICRAFT AT THE PUTTER SHOP.

in the fall and winter was now a veritable Riviera in miniature with facilities for games, swimming, and rest in beach chairs and under beach umbrellas. Safe limits from shore were indicated by white painted buoys; life rafts and life guards were provided for safety.

It seems apropos to speak here concerning our Red Cross staff, a group of young women who have done so much for our patients' well being. While in the states they were of service to various sections of our unit and by the time we came overseas they were as ready to take their places in the work-



of ship sirens unabated, enveloped the harbor. Searchlight beams from the fleet chased one another around the sky in crazy streaks. The war was finished on this side of the globe.

During our stay in Leghorn wedding bells rang for half a dozen of our nurses, but the traditional rice and old shoes were war time luxuries we could not afford. In chronological order the marriages were:

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| Oct. 13, 1944 | Lt. Helen Brown to Maj. Frank Knepper, AC, at Pisa Cathedral; |
| May 3, 1945 | Lt. Helen Baniak to Lt. Donald Schallock, SC, at St. Peter's in Rome; |
| May 24, 1945 | Lt. Mary Robertson to Capt. Howard Miller, Inf, both of the 33d G. H., at the Protestant Church in Leghorn; |
| May 28, 1945 | Lt. Madie Hill to Capt. John Bell, AC, at the 33d G. H. Chapel; |
| June 27, 1945 | Lt. Elizabeth Cowley to T/4 Leo Kearns, both of the 33d G. H., at Caserta; |
| June 27, 1945 | Lt. Louise Ricks to Capt. John Mosher, Inf, at the Cathedral, Nice, France. |

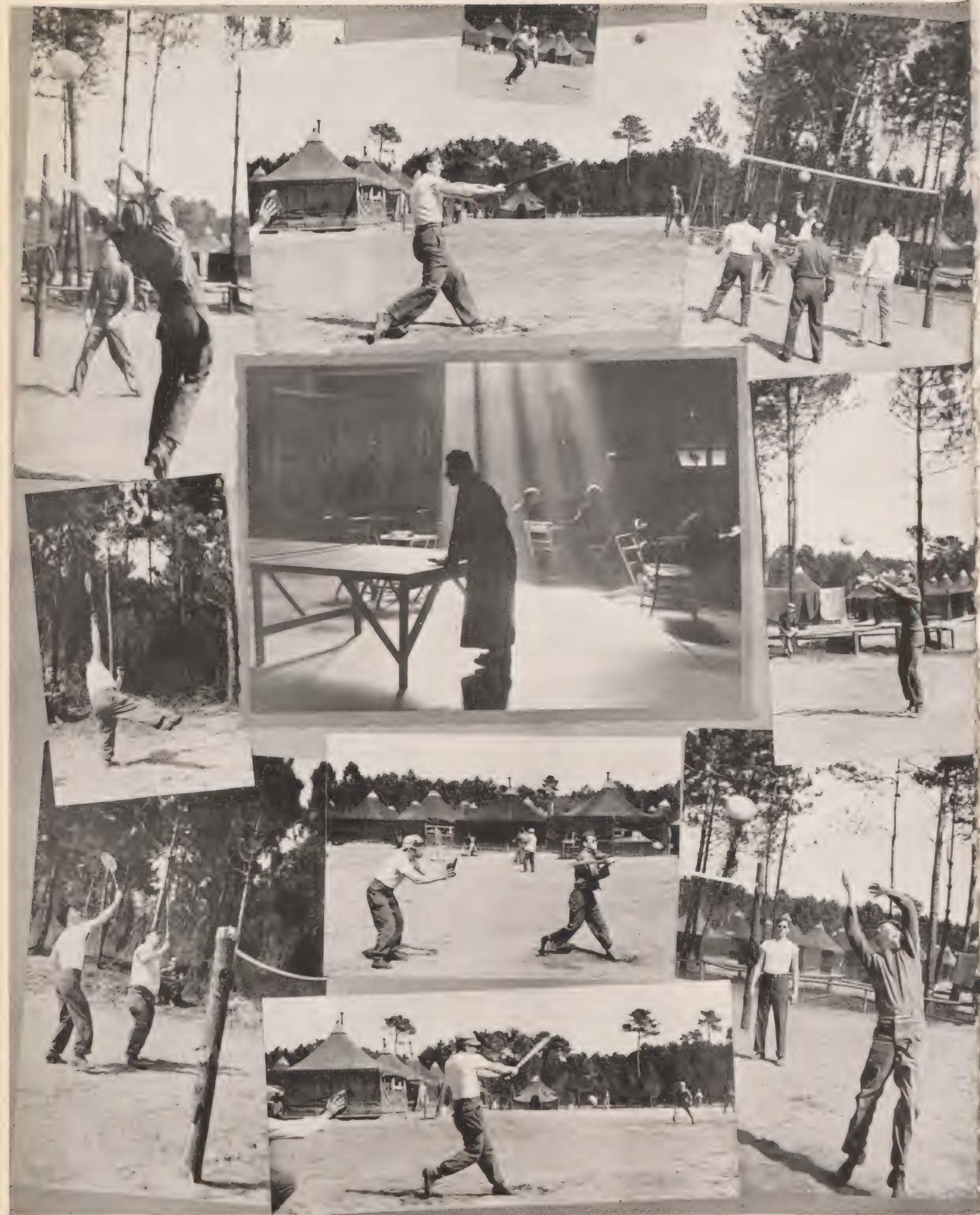
Two battle participation bronze service stars have been awarded us, one for the Rome-Arno Campaign the other for the first half of the North Appennines Campaign.

Our second anniversary overseas on July 7th was the occasion for a rousing beach party and picnic supper, followed by the Olsen and Johnsonesque "33ds A-poppin'," a zany show written and produced by the enlisted men at the Red Cross auditorium. The very next week saw banqueting and other festivities commemorating our third birthday as a unit on July 15th.

Now, in the summer of 1945, the nomadic existence which has borne the 33d across the ocean, across North Africa, and up through Italy is recommencing for many of us. Our hospital has been situated in its present location longer than in any other throughout its career; but the bony fingers of Redeployment have been reaching out, lifting our original members, transplanting them elsewhere and replacing them with others. The old order chageth as new faces appear. Even the Alpini camp was converted during July into a POW stockade for a service company of over 200 German prisoners who replace the Italians that have been with us since Rome.

And what about APO 424...? The postal authorities waited until this book was practically finished, and then...

they changed our address to APO 782!!!!



"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY..."

SPORTS at the THIRTY THIRD

Basketball

Coached by "Doc" Rothman, the 33d basketeers first teamed up at Fort Jackson with a squad including Bateman, Davis, Dysert, Gaines, Lauber, Levine, Milonovich, Murtha, O'Brien, Piontka, Platakis, Smith, and Snow.

There were no funds for uniforms at the outset so a raffle was held with a Fifty Dollar War Bond as a prize. The detachment recreation fund was thus started and together with PX profits financed the purchase of uniforms, basketballs, and shoes. The team won the Jackson Non-Divisional League championship for which it was awarded a trophy, but lost in the Fort semi-finals to a 100th Division five.



CHAMPIONSHIP BASKETBALL TEAM RECEIVES TROPHY.
Kneeling: LAUBER, MEEGAN, NAKASATO.
Back Row: LEVINE, DAVIS, RHEA, Col. NYLEN, PIONTKA, Capt. KREIGER,
SMOLINSKI, DONATO, DYSERT, MILONOVICH, PLATAKIS, O'BRIEN, WOLFE.



THE BASEBALL TEAM.
Kneeling: COSTELLO, PAUTZ, MILANOVICH, NAKASATO, CHIECO,
GRUNDHOFER.
Sitting: Lt. GOLDBERG, HOLLISTER, OBITKO, Maj. ROSENDAAL.
Back Row: PLATAKIS, DAVIS, JENSEN, PIONTKA, LAUBER, DE CARLO,
WOLFE, HAUPT, VOISIN, SMITH, SPOLSDOFF, MURTHA, SPRAKER,
HOLLAND.



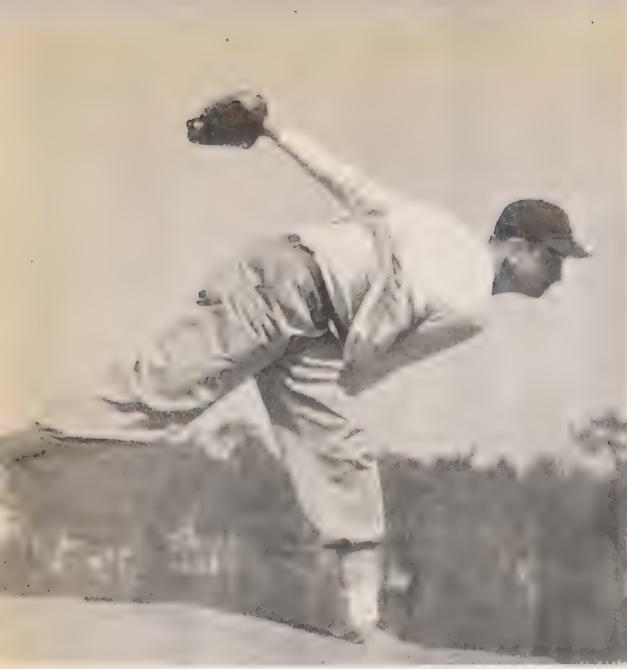
SOFT BALL TEAM.
Front Row: POMPA, WEIDER, JASPER, DEHNER,
KLOC, LEONARD, WILKINS.
Back Row: WILSON, FESTA, PLATAKIS, DYSERT,
GINSBURG, DAVIS, T.



A HIGH FLY OVER THIRD.



THE VOLLEY BALDIES
AND HAIRYAPES



NO-HIT NO-RUN
"SPARKY"

In North Africa the squad had no place to practice yet succeeded in taking second place at season's end. Games were played at the Kairouba Docks hangars and at Madison Square Garden (so called) in Bizerte.

During the 1944-45 season, the Red Cross hall in the Medical Building at Leghorn saw all our league games. Team members and the Utilities Department cooperated in constructing uprights, baskets and backboards, all masterfully conceived and executed. Our team won all its league games and finally the National League championship of PBS, only to lose out in the quarter finals of the All-PBS tourney.

Soccer

"It was the end of July 1943. I was walking through the pup tents of our bivouac area in Casablanca and I noticed a few of our men and Major Rozendaal kicking around a soccer ball. My blood got hot and my morale high and it wasn't more than two minutes later that I joined the gang, as I love soccer very much." Such was the auspicious origin of the soccer team as related by T/5 Christy Stefanou.

A team was organized right then and there and won its first match against the 37th General Hospital team bivouacked near us, by the score of 6—0.

When we moved to Bizerte the team played against an eleven from our Italian service company defeating them twice in a row. It was decided to take on some English teams next, but knowing that they were probably not good enough to win against such experienced teams, our men built up a combined Italian-American team strong enough to meet any opposition. Boll, Gizienski, Milonovich, Obitko, Piontka, Stefanou, and five Italians filled in the positions.

Playing its first game in Bizerte they beat an English Artillery unit 3—2 and followed this up by steam rollering an English Infantry team 9—0. From then on it was a string of victories unmarred by a single defeat, however two games were tied. About fifteen contests were played, mainly against English opposition but including French and American soccer clubs.

"One thing that amazed me," said Stefanou, "was that in the beginning very few of our men were interested even in seeing a soccer contest, but a very few games later the whole 33d was out there watching and betting on the outcome."

Softball

The powerful and hard hitting 33d team which won the American League championship at Fort Eustis was made up of Cummings, Diersing, Di Piero, Farry, Grundhofer, Holland, Kloc, Manieri, Miller, Murtha, Rothman, Savino, and Spraker.

Each man received a medal but pitcher Kloc was able to add two extra ones to his collection, one for winning the most games in the league and the other for the highest league batting average — close to .400.

In the Fort Eustis playoffs our boys came up against a tough MP outfit, the National League champions, and lost a two-out-of-three series 4—2 and 7—6. The first of these was a pitchers battle in which each of the opponents allowed four hits. In the second playoff game before a crowd of 2000 we drew first blood and were out in front by a score of 6—4 until the very last inning.



"FAN" RICE.

"MAN IN THE IRON MASK"



Trying with all its might to make the Fort Eustis softball playoffs an all-33d affair, our National League team almost succeeded but missed out in the last week of the season by losing 3—0 to the MP ten and wound up second in the league, half a game out of first place. This team was composed of Berman, De Carlo, Dietz, Keeshan, O'Brien, Piontka, Platakis, Simonsic, Smith, Srednicki, and Wells.

Dietz, a left hander, won most of the games played, losing only to the MP hurler who allowed just one hit by De Carlo in the last half of the seventh of that deciding tilt. The final standing was ten victories and two defeats, bettered only by the eleven and one of the MP's who also beat our American League team.

At Fort Jackson our softballers took second place after meeting some of the best teams on the Post and twice vanquishing the strong 64th General Hospital players. At Jackson there was only one league and so we had only one team in the field. The move to Camp Patrick Henry made it impossible for us to enter the playoffs.

In Bizerte the 33d softball club began calling itself The Dodgers, and had acquired some newcomers in the persons of Dehner, Dysert, Lauber, Margarella, Milonovich, Pesta, Spolsdoff, Snow, and Wolfe. Under the mentorship of Captains Krieger and Maguire the boys lost only one game out of twenty two and took the league championship. Another move, this time to Italy, again left playoffs unfinished although we won the first game.

The Dodgers entered the PBS National League in Leghorn. The current team managed by Kloc, consists of Dehner, Dysert, Ginsberg, Jasper, Kloc, Leonard, Levine, Milonovich, Pesta, Platakis, Pompa, Weider, Wilken, and Wilson. At the present writing they hold second place in the league and are pulling hard for first.

Baseball

The original squad organized at Fort Jackson in the spring of 1943 consisted of Davis, De Carlo, Haupt, Lauber, Margarella, Murtha, Obitko, O'Brien, Pesta, Piontka, Rushing, Smith, Spolsdoff, Spraker, and Wolfe. Largely because this was the first attempt at hard ball for most of the men their solitary victory out of a total of eleven starts was not impressive, but they were out-hit only twice. The six team league at Jackson played its games in Columbia at Dreyfus Field, the baseball park owned by the Cincinnati Reds and used by their Columbia farm team.

Twirlers were Murtha, Obitko, Piontka, and Wolfe; leading hitters, all with a batting average over .325, were Piontka, Rushing, Spolsdoff, and Wolfe.

Baseball was dormant at Bizerte because of lack of equipment, and at Rome there was no convenient place to play.

Our baseballers came out of hiding again at Leghorn, and assumed the title of The Ramblers. New additions to the team are: De Long, Deschenes, Pautz, and Schrein. Hitting honors this season go to Haupt, Pautz, Piontka and Spraker. The team is leading the league with seven wins and no losses; including non-league games there have been nineteen victories and nine defeats.



VICTORY FIELD.



SPOLSDOFF OUT AT FIRST.



OFFICERS VOLLEY BALL.



GENERAL ORDER No 201

CITATION FOR MERITORIOUS SERVICE UNIT PLAQUE

THE 33RD GENERAL HOSPITAL

FOR SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE OF EXCEPTIONALLY DIFFICULT TASKS AND OUTSTANDING DEVOTION TO DUTY IN THE PENINSULAR BASE SECTION FOR THE PERIOD 21 JUNE 1944 TO 20 SEPTEMBER 1944.

DUE TO THE URGENCY OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES AND TACTICAL SITUATION, THE 33RD GENERAL HOSPITAL WAS MOVED FROM NAPLES AND SET UP IN ROME WITHIN A FEW DAYS. UNDER FAVORABLE CONDITIONS THE MISSION OF CARING FOR MORE THAN 200 DAILY ADMISSIONS TO A HOSPITAL WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT. WITH DEVOTION TO DUTY THIS MEDICAL UNIT ACCOMPLISHED A DIFFICULT ASSIGNMENT. ITS LONG SUPPLY LINE COMPLICATED THE MISSION YET NO PATIENT WAS IN WANT OF ADEQUATE MEDICAL CARE. THE BEST TRADITIONS OF AMERICAN MEDICINE AND SURGERY DESPITE NEAR-EXHAUSTING HOURS OF DUTY ARE WORTHY THE EMULATION WHICH THIS AWARD CARRIES.

OFFICIAL SEAL
HEADQUARTERS
PENINSULAR BASE SECTION



COLONEL NYLEN PRESENTS AWARD TO ACTING 1ST SGT JUDD AT CITATION CEREMONY.



MAJOR STITH, CHIEF OF ADMINISTRATIVE SECTION,
EXHIBITS THE AWARD PLAQUE.

Patients' Care and Comfort General Hospital's Major Job

The five pages of pictures that follow represent the thorough processing of each patient, just to be sure he is once more ready to serve his country at the peak of his efficiency. No time or trouble is spared to gain this objective.



The patient is lifted out of the ambulance, preparatory to being carried to the Receiving Office. The litter bearers are (left to right) Pfc. Lawrence Laborde, Pfc. Carmine Messerino, and Pfc. Andrew Law. Checking the patient's Field Medical Record is Cpl. Robert Mallory, Receiving Office clerk. (Pfc. Laborde is also the ambulance driver.)



Each patient admitted is seen by a Medical Officer and assigned to the proper ward for the treatment of his injury or disease. Here Major Nathan Fradkin MC examines the patient in the Receiving Office, and assigns him to Ward S-3 one of the Orthopedic Wards.

Chest wounds and a fracture of the middle third of the humerus were the patient's diagnoses. With an X-Ray the physician knows the exact situation of the broken bone, and X Rays are used lavishly in Army hospitals. T-5 Charles Washburn, X-Ray Technician, prepares to "shoot" the upper arm.

Many patients suffer from loss of blood. Supplies of whole blood of all types are kept in the Blood Bank available at a few minutes notice. T-5 Benjamin Levine, of



the Thirty-Third Detachment is here shown giving blood, while, to the right is T-4 Alexander G. Giannakis, Technician.

(Photo By Al Slagle)

NOTE: The following series of pictures was posed by Pfc. Alba Bartholomew, Co. C, 87th Mt. Inf., a battle casualty who, suffering from chest wounds, had been through most of these experiences. For the purpose of this series, he is considered as also having a fracture of the upper arm.



After Laboratory cross-matching, the blood is found suitable for the patient. Here 1st Lt. Ethel J. Tyrrell, ANC, assisted by Pfc. Darwin Deglau, prepare to give a transfusion to the patient.



A consultation is necessary, Capt. Robert B. Gottschalk, MC, and Major Wyland F. Leadbetter, MC, Acting Chief of Surgical Service, confer. The Nurse is 1st Lt. Helena Hagadorn, and Pfc. Edward Bryfogle, Wardman, stands at the head of the bed.



The consultation having determined the treatment necessary, the patient is operated upon by Major Stuart MacMillan, MC, assisted by Capt. Sigmund Smedal, MC, the anaesthetist. In the rear is Capt. Lillian Baker, ANC, Nurse in Charge, and to the right is Lt. Geraldine Parker, ANC. At the left are T-3 Arnold Yankey and T-5 Eugene Kalstein, Circulating Technicians.



A cast is applied to hold the arm rigid while the bone knits. Capt. Robert B. Gottschalk applies the cast, assisted by Technicians Pfc. Wilson Holland, Pfc. William Petrides, Pfc. Nolan Sutton, and Pfc. Irving Naigus.



For wounds received in enemy action, the patient is awarded the Purple Heart Medal, presented by Lt. Col. John F. Mosher, Executive Officer. Note the date and other information written on the cast : the site of the chest wound and a diagram of the broken bone.



Weeks later, his chest wounds permit him to leave his bed and he becomes an ambulatory patient, but the arm, which is healing well, is protected by a light bandage. Here the patient is given an eye examination by Major Walter C. Mott, MC.



Bed Patients are regularly visited by barbers, who do their work on the wards. Ambulant patients visit the patients barber shop, which is like any city shop at home. Here the patient has his hair cut by Pvt. Alex Duncan, in the shop.



The fracture has healed sufficiently to permit physical therapy by 1st Lt. Anne Leitner, PT. Massage and other treatments are given to help restore the injured member to its maximum efficiency.



As a convalescent patient he no longer eats on the ward, but goes to the Patients Mess. Left to right are: T-4 Alexander Payton, T-5 Henry Joyner, and T-4 Albert Hernandez, Cooks.



On Sundays convalescent patients attend religious services in one of the Chapels in the hospital grounds. Bed patients are regularly visited by members of the Chaplain Corps. Shown here is Chaplain Ivo G. Randels.
(Photo By All Slagle)



Even though he is in the hospital, he need not miss pay-day. Here the patient receives his money from CWO John Carberry, Assistant Commander of the Detachment of Patients.



The hospital's post office affords most of the facilities of a post office at home. Patients' mail is delivered directly to their wards. Here the patient is shown buying stamps from postal clerk Sgt. Frank S. Cortazzo.



The hospital Post Exchange is a miniature department store, where the patient buys his ration of candy, cigarettes, beer, and toilet articles from T-5 Amos W. Bosley.



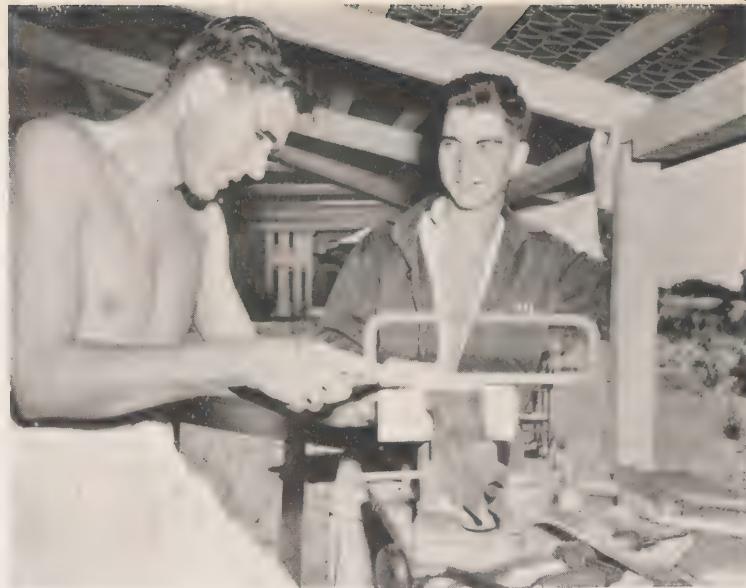
His period of convalescence affords the patient an opportunity of having a thorough dental check-up. Here he is being examined by Major William B. Smith, DC, while (left to right) Sgt. Tony J. Wertico, Lt. Col. David E. Hunn, DC, Chief of Dental Service, and 1st Lt. Samuel Nadel, DC, look on.



Well along in his period of convalescence, the patient is given a psychological test by 1st Lt. Edgar W. Wilson, AGD, while Capt. Joseph D. Sullivan, MC, psychiatrist, observes.



Visiting a friend who is a patient on a Medical Ward C-2, he plays cards. The other players are, left to right, 1st Lt. Amy Wilbert, ANC a patient on a neighboring ward, Pfc. Frank Pohson, T-5 Joseph A. Puppo; and, with his back to the camera, T-5 Charles A. King.



Tiring of the recreational facilities, he asks for some work he can do with the Red Cross, and is put in charge of tools and equipment in the Putter Shop. He here watches Pvt. Roy Whatley making a picture frame of plexiglass.



Army hospitals do not release a man to duty until he has fully recovered. Here the patient swims in the sea at the rear of the hospital, under the watchful eye of life guards, and then soaks up sunshine on the patients' beach. To the left is Pfc. William C. Humbertson, and to the right, Pfc. Harold Haig.



... and so ends the day, the colors are furl'd.



Completely recovered, the patient is ready to return to his own unit. He is issued the necessary clothing by Pfc. Damian J. Duffy, and the same day he returns to duty.



"YUM-YUM"

NURSE GALTON JOINS JUDD, BARBER, NURSE LAWRENCE, B. HENRY, SCHILLINGER.



Lt. Col. HENRY HUN.



ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
GAMES, FOOD, MUSIC, DRINKS and "CHORUS GIRLS"



NURSES MAC TAVISH, RAYMOND, BETZ, KNUDSON, SAUNDERS, and JOLMA.



THE ORCHESTRA ENTERTAINS IN DETACHMENT MESS.
From back to front: SMALL, QUARANTA, BERNOWSKI, ROCKVAM.



THE ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB is popular with members of the Detachment; it is crowded each night with GI's buying sandwiches at the snack bar, where coffee is served free, and drinks at the bar shown above.

Around the bar are, left to right, Pfc. Nicholas Cumming, a visitor, formerly a member of the Detachment and now with the 603rd Ordnance; T-4 Ernest J. Ray; Pfc. Weldon T. Haygood; Pfc. Nolan F. Sutton; and Pfc. Irving Naigus, T-3 Michael P. Costello is behind the bar, pinch-hitting as a bartender, assisted by two Alpini soldiers.



BEFORE LEAVING TO REPORT to the 103rd Station Hospital, to which he had been transferred, Lt. Bernard D. Goldberg, Detachment Commander here, was given a testimonial dinner by the Enlisted Men of the Hospital. Shown at the speakers' table are: (left to right) T-3 Raymond S. Judd, Acting First Sgt.; Lt. Milton Singer, Personnel Officer; Lt. Goldberg; Col. Arthur H. Nylen, Commanding Officer (hidden by flowers); Lt. Col. John F. Mosher, Executive Officer; Lt. William R. Young, Assistant Detachment Commander; Maj. Marion Stith, Adjutant and T-5 Joseph Command.

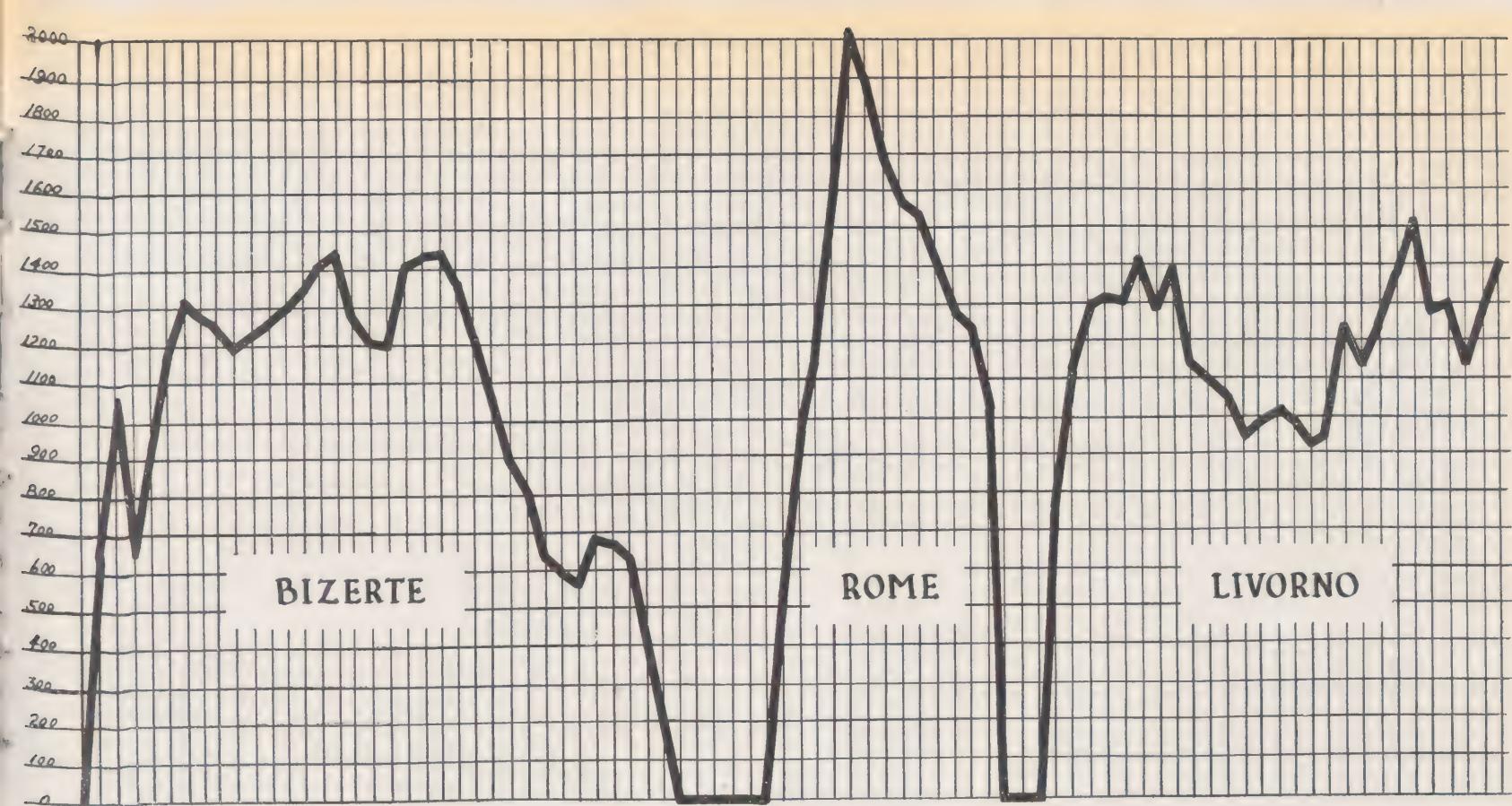


LAWRENCE, WHITMAN, MERRINGER, BLAND.

HI-JINKS AT THE
ANNIVERSARY
BEACH PARTY







(Above) CASE LOAD PER WEEK.

(Below) STATISTICS OF OPERATION.

Month	Total Admissions	Duty Disposition	Patients Days Lost (in Hosp.)	Patients Days Lost (Q+RS Status)	Number of Service Dispositions	Man Strength Det. of Patients	Number of Physical Examinations	Vaccinations	Immunizations	Total Out Patients	Total Out Patient Treatments
1943 Sept.	1707	396	13209	227	1	1446	756	96	493	769	1492
Oct.	2381	1070	33471	101	1	1809	897	70	542	1217	1699
Nov.	1673	1185	36942	122	4	1917	978	24	710	1074	1437
Dec.	1657	890	41877	135	4	2029	1119	44	165	974	1335
1944 Jan.	1356	640	40752	100	5	2524	980	672	361	670	1045
Feb.	647	502	36476	118	5	2383	990	76	285	614	897
Mar.	411	273	23282	85	5	1750	991	2	215	636	876
April	475	309	18084	97	5	1543	913	127	516	793	988
May		77	1974	15	1	604	342	12	674	89	127
June	1135	205	5319	41	3	855	700	0	10	473	574
July	3569	2162	49694	70	7	2981	628	0	0	1178	1779
Aug.	1256	1316	48305	58	7	2223	674	20	33	309	591
Sept.	420	1031	24862	78	7	1428	687	0	0	143	239
Oct.	2284	239	19462	87	2	1329	844	6	23	504	1187
Nov.	1529	958	38536	52	5	2071	864	53	888	1203	2228
Dec.	1450	1029	33447	55	8	1984	1121	12	19	1342	2433
1945 Jan.	1392	871	25998	78	9	1859	1174	548	283	1406	2262
Feb.	1477	666	24014	74	7	1957	1641	26	334	1482	2195
Mar.	1301	773	36241	36	7	2285	1560	95	332	1414	2713
April	2033	896	38627	22	7	2498	1566	17	83	1327	2365
May	1259	1315	32013	19	7	2231	795	53	670	1455	2232
June	Figures for June										
July					and July not yet available						



ENLISTED MEN'S CLUB MONTECATINI



PROPER TURNING METHOD DEMONSTRATED



CONCRETE FORTS ALONG SHORE



SEA VIEW OF HOSPITAL



REMEMBER THE EASTER PARADE?



hrmacht - Übernachtung
Helenenschule

LE STRADE
DI QUESTA
CITTÀ NON
SONO LIBERE
DALLE MINE
STREETS OF
THIS TOWN
HAVE NOT
BEEN
MINE SWEPT

STRAGGLERS

AN SEVERO
ROUTE 16
UCERA
ROUTE 17
NAPLES
ROUTE 90
NARI.
ROUTE 16

5TH EVAC HOSP

LIVORNO S.S.
Km. 11.350

PISA

Km. 9.130

33RD
GENERAL
HOSPITAL

COMO

ZAGHOUAN 421 BOUFICHE 27
PONT DU FANS 961 TUNS 97
ZAGHOUAN HAMMAMET
PONT DU FANS GRIBALLA
ROBLAO YAHIA TUNIS
BOU ARADA CAP BON
MYALEZELBA BEJA

TORINO

IN THIS HOUSE
CRISTOFORO COLOMBO
SPENT HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH





I met a traveler from an antique land
Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies....
And on the pedestal these words appear:
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

MEET THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AFRICA

ON THE NEXT FEW PAGES YOU WILL SEE THE ARAB NATIVE BOTH CHIEFTAN AND NOMAD, ADULT AND CHILD, THE MARIHUANA SMOKER AND THE BEGGARS; THE FRENCH CIVILIANS ON THE STREETS AND IN THE SIDEWALK CAFES OR AT THE RACES, A PARADE FOR GENERAL DE GAULLE; THE GRAND MOSQUE OF TUNIS; AND THE KASBAH GATEWAY.









CHARCOAL BURNING BUS.



NATIVE BASKET MARKET.



SIDE WALK CAFE.



MODERN STORE BUILDING.



THE LATEST MODES OF NORTH AFRICAN TRANSPORTATION.

Near
Casablanca
Morrocco



ITS' A DEAL.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A Siesta, AND THESE FELLOWS ARE ALWAYS READY FOR ONE, NO MATTER WHERE THEY MAY BE.



A TYPICAL ARAB VILLAGE.



A BETTER CLASS ARAB HOME OF BAMBOO AND THATCHED ROOF.





THE ISLE OF CAPRI... AND NAPLES

THE GRAND ARCADE IN NAPLES;

A NEAPOLITAN FISHERMAN MENDS HIS NETS
WHILE THE POLICEMAN LOOK FOR BLACK MARKET
RACKETEERS (WE HOPE);

LAKE HOUSE OF FERDINAND, ONE TIME KING
OF NAPLES SEEN FROM HIS VILLA WE WERE USING
AS A BILLET. (UPPER RIGHT)





CASSINO

AS ANCIENT ROME WAS DESTROYED, SO CASSINO'S RUINS ARE A SYMBOL OF PRESENT DAY DESTRUCTION. EVEN THE GRAVES OF THE LONG SINCE DEAD WERE VICTIMS OF THE GOD OF WAR.



THE VATICAN
AND THE PANTHEON



THE CATHEDRAL OF SAINT PETER, CHURCH OF THE POPES



ANCIENT WEAPONS IN CASTLE SANT' ANGELO

THE PANTHEON



A CORNER OF VATICAN CITY





ROME the present

PIAZZA VENEZIA HAS HEARD THE CHEERS OF FASCIST THRONGS, HAS FELT THE BEAT OF TRAMPING FEET, HAS SEEN MUSSOLINI STANDING POMPOUS ON HIS BALCONY, HAND UPRAISED, DEFIANT. NOW THE "WEDDING CAKE" WHITE MONUMENT TO VICTOR EMMANUEL II SEEMS TO MOCK THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME.





THE FORUM, A SMALL PLACE TO HAVE BEEN THE CENTER OF A WHOLE WORLD'S INTEREST FOR MANY CENTURIES, STILL HOLDS A FASCINATION AMONG ITS WEATHERED STONES.

ROME the past



THE MASSIVE COLOSSEUM, THE OLD TEMPLES, THE ARCHES, THE FOUNTAIN AND FAMOUS GRAVES ALL CONTRIBUTE TO THIS GREAT CITY'S CLAIM TO ETERNITY.

TIVOLI

THE TEMPLE OF THE SIBYL,
QUIZ-KID OF HER DAY, WHO SAID THERE WILL BE 1000 YEARS
OF PEACE SOMEDAY.



THE CHURCH ROOF WAS BOMBED BUT THE CRUCIFIX WAS NOT TOUCHED, A MIRACLE OF WAR.



STREET SCENE IN TIVOLI, WHOSE FOUNDING ANTEDATES ROME.



P I S A



REFUGEES OF WAR RETURN TO THEIR NATIVE CITY (above).

TO SHOW THE AMOUNT OF LEANING THIS PICTURE WAS SNAPPED BETWEEN TWO PILLARS OF THE TOWER (top center).

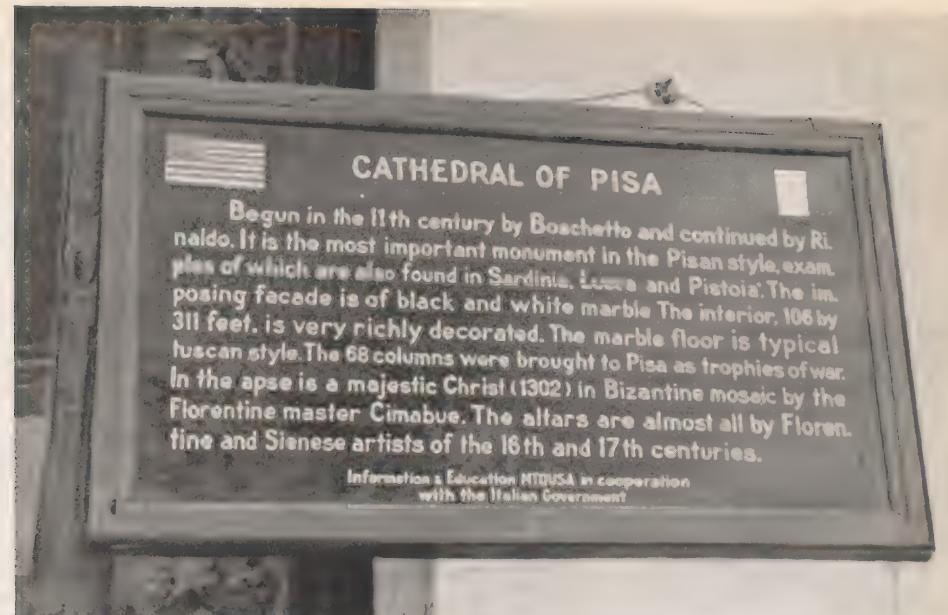
THE BEAUTIFUL BRONZE DOORS AND CARVED PILLARS OF THE CATHEDRAL (below).



LOOKING THROUGH THE WEST GATE IN THE OLD CITY WALL (above).

IN FRONT OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL CITIZENS DRAW WATER AND QUENCH THEIR THIRST. WAR DESTROYS UTILITIES. FOUNTAINS BECOME AS IMPORTANT AS AN OASIS IN THE DESERT (below).





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RUINS NEAR THE END OF THE 14TH CENTURY
PONTE VECCHIO (OLD BRIDGE) WITH TWO
CARABINIERI ON THE ALERT.

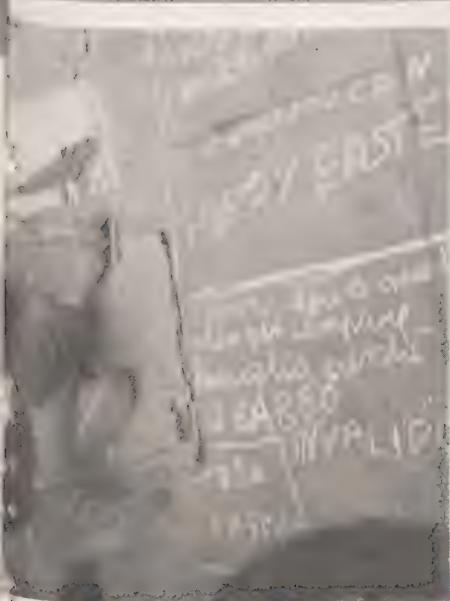
EARLY MORNING SUNBEAMS SHOW THE BUSTLE
IN THE NARROW STREETS.

LOOKING NORTH FROM THE PITTI PALACE
TOWARD THE VERY ANCIENT ETRUSCAN HILL
TOWN OF FIESOLE WE SEE THE HEART OF
MEDIEVAL FLORENCE; ITS CATHEDRAL AND
ITS CAMPANILE (BELL TOWER IS SHOWN
BELOW).

CROWDS GOING HOME AFTER WORK, CROSSING THE
MILITARY BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO RIVER
(lower right)



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Since the days of the Medici and Ghibelline family feuds the Palazzo Vecchio tower has stood firm. Today it is a part of the City Hall; still in use, still firm.

Ponte Vecchio, built in the 14th Century, is still a main traffic artery and lined with little shops.

An old resident dozes in the warm afternoon sun on the Ponte Vecchio.

The little street artist shows his skill and his abilities at self advertisement.

Like a prophetic light the sun shines through the dome windows down upon the main altar of the Cathedral.

Centuries have not much changed the old Cartusian Monastery; its well, its famous liquer, nor its Monks.



TYPICAL HILL TOWNS OF TUSCANY, QUAIN'T AND BEAUTIFUL.

Above: MONTECATINI.

Below: ORVIETO.





MILAN



(Upper right)
MODERN APARTMENTS.



HERE MUSSOLINI BEGAN,
HERE HE ENDED.

STUDENTS TOUCH THE FOOT OF
CHRIST ON THE CATHEDRAL DOOR
AS A GOOD LUCK OMEN BEFORE
TAKING EXAMINATIONS. THE
FOOT IS ALMOST WORN OFF.

DETAIL OF THE DELICATE
GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE OF THE
CATHEDRAL (below).



ITALIAN RIVIERA AND LAKES

CROSSING THE PO BY PONTOON BRIDGE.

LAKE COMO.



LAKE GARDA.

(LEFT CENTER) SAN REMO.

CLIFF ROAD.

(RIGHT CENTER) BETWEEN SAN REMO AND GENOA.



CAVALESE in the Alpine foothills

NOTE THE SWISS CHALET TYPE OF HOME.

CONVOYS FROM BOLOGNA ENROUTE TO VERONA.

TYPICAL TOWN CLOCK.





NEAR THE BORDER

FRENCH ALPS ROADWAY ABOVE SAN REMO.

THE SULLIVANS HAVE ONE FOOT UNDER THE WIRE AND OVER IN SWITZERLAND (near Como).

CASTLE PIO IN CARPI, WHERE COL. VON STORCH REVIEWED THE PARTISAN TROOPS JUST LIKE A GENERAL.



CANNES HARBOR.

THE AIR FORCE HIT THE TARGET.





AN INTERESTING SKYLINE IN THE KING'S FOREST, LEGHORN.¹

BOMB DUMP NEAR OUR HOSPITAL, LEGHORN.

SNAP SHOTS

CASTLE BRACCIANO, NEAR ROME, A TYPICAL FEUDAL HOME

LEGHORN, A SIDE STREET.

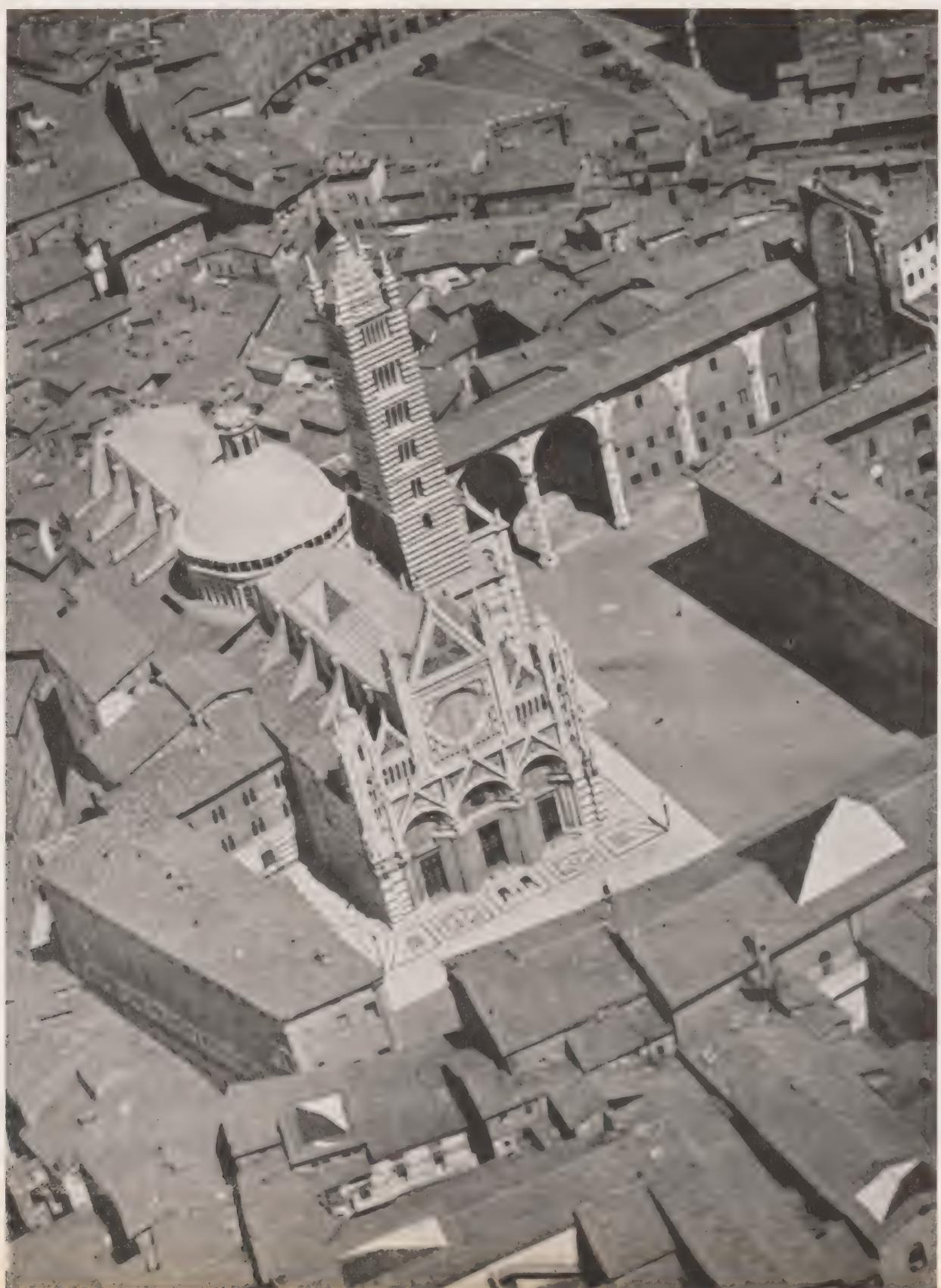
GATEWAY TO LUCCA.





ASSISI

INSIDE THE GREAT CHURCH IS THE LITTLE
CHAPEL WHERE SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI FIRST
BEGAN HIS RELIGIOUS TEACHINGS.



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PLACE DE LA CONCORDE,
NEAR AMERICAN EMBASSY.



LOOKING WEST ON CHAMPS ELYSEE.

PARIS



AIR VIEW OF PARIS,
TAKEN AT 200 MILES PER HOUR



OUR ARMY AND NAVY MEN SALUTE
THE TOMB OF FRANCE'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER AT ARC DE TRIOMPHE.



PLACE DE L'OPERA AND
RUE DE LA PAIX.

WOMEN OF ITALY IN WARTIME





Colonel NYLEN
Commanding Officer

The
Staff,
Officers,
Nurses
Enlisted
Men



Lt. Colonel SPELLMAN
Chief Nurse



Colonel CAMPBELL
Chief of Surgical Service



Colonel HARRISON
Chief of Medical Service



Lt. Col. MOSHER
Executive Officer

ABRAHAMS, IRVING Capt. Sn. C.
2086 Bronx Park East
Bronx, New York City

AMES, HAZEL 1st Lt. ANC
13-A Dudley Heights
Albany, New York

ARMSTRONG, HELEN S. ARC
Piermont, New York

AYLESWORTH, MARION L. 1st Lt. ANC
R. F. D. No. 3
Binghamton, New York

BAKER, LILLIAN N. Capt. ANC
Bolton Landing
On Lake George, New York

BALDWIN, GERALDINE 1st Lt. ANC
Hollidaysburg, Penna. R. F. D. No. 1

BANNON, MARY P. 1st Lt. ANC
119 Burwell Street
Little Falls, New York

BAUM, JOYCE I., 2d Lt. ANC
60 W. North St., Ilion, N.Y.

- BEDELI, MARY L., 2d Lt. ANC
1355 S. Hope Street
Los Angeles, Cal.
- BELL, MADEIE HILL, 1st Lt. ANC
RFD No. 2 Mechanicville, N.Y.
- BENGE, AILEEN B 1st Lt. ANC
Paint Lick Rd.
Berea, Ky.
- BENKOWSKY, ELIZABETH H. J. 1st Lt. ANC
25 Grace Street
Binghamton, New York
- BENSON, CLARENCE R. 1st Lt. Eng.
509 Kennedy Bldg.
Tulsa, Oklahoma
- BEST, WILLA G. 1st Lt., ANC
606 S. Main St.,
Burgettstown, Pa.
- BIEZUNSKI, WANDA E. 1st Lt. ANC
286 New Scotland Avenue
Albany, New York
- BITZER, ELIZABETH E. 1st Lt. MDD
73 Schley Avenue
Pittsburgh, Penna.
- BLACK, HOWARD A. Capt. M.C.
1291 Dean Street
Brooklyn, New York
- BOOKER, FRANCES B. 1st Lt. ANC
2901 Parkwood Avenue
Richmond, Virginia
- BOTTAZZI, EDMOND J. Capt. D.C.
3911 Argyle Terrace N.W.
Washington, D.C.
- BROWN, DUANE F. 1st Lt. QM.C.
540 Railroad Street
Albany, Oregon
- BROWN, FRANK R. Capt. M.C.
2101 Malvern Road
Charlotte, N.C.
- BUTLER, FLORINE E. 1st Lt. ANC
Route No. 1
Mechanicville, N.Y.
- CAMPBELL, ELDRIDGE H. Jr. Col. M.C.
32 Willett Street
Albany, New York
- CAMPBELL, MARY E. ARC
453 Mt. Auburn Street
Watertown, Mass.
- CARBERRY, JOHN F. CWO
78 Oak Grove Ave.
Springfield, Mass.
- CAUDLE, ZELDA 1st Lt. ANC
Route No. 1
Yadkinville, N. Carolina
- CERAT, MARGUERITE A., 1st Lt., ANC
506 Stella Ave.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
- CHRISTMAN, FLORENCE M 1st Lt. ANC
Stroudsburg, Penna.
- CIACCIA, CHARLES N., Capt., MC
402 Sampson St., North Side,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- CLEMENTE, SALLY A. 1st Lt. ANC
18 West Street
Cloverville, New York
- COBLEY, JEAN 1st Lt. ANC
West Granby, Conn.
- COCHICK, MADELEINE D., 1st Lt. ANC
RFD No. 1 Dunbar, Pa.
- COWLEY, ELIZABETH F. 1st Lt. ANC
75 East Second Street
Corning, New York
- CRECCA, JOSEPH V. Capt. M.C.
66 Stanley Street
S. Orange, New Jersey
- CREECH, JACK A. 2nd Lt. MAC
P.O. Box 84
Salemburg, North Carolina
- CROWDER, ROBERT M. Lt. Col. M.C.
555 New Scotland Ave.
Albany, New York
- CULLEN, MARY B. 1st Lt. ANC
416 Holcomb Street
Watertown, N.Y.
- DE ROUILLE, WILLIAM H., Capt., MC
190 Milner Ave., Albany, N.Y.
- DE YOUNG, GERTRUDE, 2d Lt. ANC
30 Van Dorn St.,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
- DOANE, KATHLYN E. 1st Lt. ANC
64 Bay View Avenue
Houghs Neck,
Quincy, Mass.
- DOYLE, MILDRED F. 1st Lt. ANC
Pleasant Mount, Penna.
- DUNAWAY, MARIAN E., 2d Lt., ANC
305 State Street, Lowville, N.Y.
- DURANT, ALICE H. 1st Lt. ANC
505 McConnell
Zanesville, Ohio
- EILERS, HELENE B. 1st Lt. ANC
162 Watanga Avenue
Corning, New York
- EILERS, ORTRUD R. Capt. ANC
162 Watanga Avenue
Corning, New York
- EVEREST, RUTH E., 1st Lt., ANC
New Haven, Vt.
- FARRELL, FRANCES M., 1st Lt., ANC
108 Cliff St., Sayre, Pa.
- FASSETT, MADELINE J. 1st Lt. ANC
19 King Street
Warrensburg, New York
- FEINSTEIN, GEORGE Capt. D.C.
1475 Grand Concourse
Bronx, New York
- FERGUSON, WILLIAM R. Maj. M.C.
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
- FILIPPONE, JOHN F. Maj. M.C.
98 Chestnut Street
Albany, New York
- FISCHER, DORIS M. 1st Lt. ANC
132 W. North St., Rome, N.Y.

FRADKIN, NATHAN F., Maj., MC
 161 S. Lake Ave., Albany, N.Y.
 FLYNN, JAMES H. Jr. Capt. M.C.
 483 State Street
 Albany, N.Y.
 GAASCH, VERA 1st Lt. MDD
 1122 W. Oak, Street
 Ft. Collins, Colo.
 GALTON, MARGARET A. 1st Lt. ANC
 Nunda, New York
 GAMBLE, JOHN J., Capt., MC
 222 Lancaster St., Albany, N.Y.
 GARROW, KATHERINE S. 1st Lt. ANC
 719 Central Avenue
 London, Ont.
 Canada
 GETZ, ELLA E. 1st Lt. ANC
 Glen Spey, New York
 GEOLY, FRANK J., Capt. MC
 220 Clent Road, Great Neck, N.Y.
 GILMORE, DONALD H. 1st Lt. MAC
 166 Tennyson Avenue
 Highland Park, Michigan
 GODSEY, ALMA B. 1st Lt. ANC
 1106 Carolina Avenue
 Bristol, Tennessee
 GOLDBERG, BERNARD D. 1st Lt. MAC
 102 N. 11th Street
 Reading, Penna.
 GOLDSTEIN, GILBERT Capt. Sn. C.
 176 Bristol Street
 Brooklyn, New York
 GORDINIER, HERMON C. Lt. Col. M.C.
 89 Fourth Street
 Troy, New York
 GOTTSCHALK, ROBERT B., Capt. M.C.
 Chappells, S.C.
 GREENE, VALENTINE Capt. MAC
 82 Grand Street
 Jersey City, New Jersey
 HAGADORN, HELENA 1st Lt. ANC
 Dolgeville, N.Y.
 HALL, EDABELLE, ARC
 1318 E. Seventeenth Ave.,
 Spokane (10) Wash.
 HAMILTON, CAROLINE B. 1st Lt. ANC
 Bowmanville, Ontario
 Canada
 HARM, GLADYS L. 1st Lt. ANC
 129 Elm Grove
 Troy, New York
 HARRISON, FRANCIS F. Col. M. C.
 1 Beam Street
 Cooperstown, New York
 HARVEY, LILLIAN E., 2d Lt., ANC
 412 Second Ave., Albany, N.Y.
 HARVEY, ORPHA C. 1st Lt. ANC
 120 Emerald Street
 N. Hamilton, Ontario
 Canada

HECKER, DANIEL Capt. M.C.
 49 High Street
 Green Island, New York
 HELLICK, MAE B. 1st Lt. MDD
 620 Porter Street
 Easton, Penna.
 HERRICK, LOUISE 1st Lt. ANC
 Ballston Spa, New York
 HERRMANN, RUTH, ARC
 4 Almira St.,
 Bloomfield, N.J.
 HIGBIE, ERMA R., 2d Lt. ANC
 429 Gold Street, Buffalo, N.Y.
 HIGGINS, VIRGINIA F., 1st Lt. ANC
 6 Billings Ave.
 Bar Harbor, Me.
 HODGSON, GRACE E. 1st Lt. ANC
 126 Dromore Crescent
 Westdale, Hamilton,
 Ontario, Canada
 HOUFF, LOUIS A. Maj. M.C.
 913 McCormick
 Clifton Forge, Virginia
 HOUGHTON, MARGARET M. 1st Lt. ANC
 Minerva, New York
 HUMISTON, PAULINE Capt. ANC
 140 E. Elisha Street
 Waterloo, New York
 HUN, HENRY H., Lt. Col., M.C.
 149 Washington Ave., Albany, N.Y.
 HUNN, DAVID E. Lt. Col. M.C.
 Lansing Ave.
 Troy, N.Y.
 JAQUAY, BERTHA A. Maj. ANC
 Shirburne, New York
 JOIMA, LILJA H. 1st Lt. ANC
 50 Dyer Street
 Gardener, Mass.
 KAINE, EMMA V. 1st Lt. ANC
 538 Irwin Ave.
 Spartanburg, S.C.
 KAINES, VIRGINIA P. 1st Lt. ANC
 Woodruff, South Carolina
 KANNETTE, EUNICE, 2d Lt. ANC
 5212 Ninetieth Street
 Elmhurst, L.I., N.Y.
 KAVANAUGH, HELEN P. 1st Lt. ANC
 102 West High Street
 Ballston Spa, New York
 KELLEY, JOHN R. Maj. MAC
 1224 Granda Blvd.
 Coral Gables, Florida
 KERN, ANNA 1st Lt. ANC
 30 Donegan Pl.
 New York, N.Y.
 KNEPPER, HELEN BROWN 2d Lt. ANC
 Cameron, Mo.
 KNOX, AGNES E. 1st Lt. ANC
 124 No. Holden Street
 North Adams, Mass.

KNUDSON, PAULINE 1st Lt., MDD
207 S. Main St., Albany, N.Y.

KOCIK, IRMA B. 1st Lt. ANC
Bernardston, Mass.

KOECHLEY, ROBERT H. Maj. D.C.
151 Main Street
Ravenna, New York

KREPAK, HAROLD H., 2d Lt., MAC
20 Frenaman St., Rochester, N.Y.

KRIEGER, ERNEST L. Capt. MAC
851 West 54 Street
Chicago, Illinois

LABADIA, LENA 1st Lt. ANC
818 Pinewood Avenue
Schenectady, New York

LAWRENCE, HELEN T. 1st Lt. P.T.
206 Church Street
Saratoga Springs, New York

LEADBETTER, WYLAND F. Maj. M.C.
88 Lexington Ave
Needham Heights, Mass.

LEITNER, ANNE D. 1st Lt. P.T.
125 College Street
Chester, S. Carolina

LUBAN, JACK 1st Lt. MAC
2636 N. 15th Street
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

LUKONEN, SYLVIA M. 1st Lt. P.T.
606 W. Marquette Rd.
Chicago, Ill.

LYONS, GERTRUDE A., 2d Lt. ANC
No. 2 Brooklyn Heights,
Fair Haven, Vt.

LYONS, JOHN J. A., Maj., M.C.
15 Joelson Court, Albany, N.Y.

MACAULAY, MARY H. 1st Lt. ANC
142 Simons Avenue
Cohoes, New York

MACFARLANE, LAURA M. ARC
2996 Marlborough Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

MACMILLAN, STUART F. Maj. M.C.
1721 Athol Road
Schenectady, New York

MACTAVISH, IRENE M. 1st Lt. ANC
1625 Holden Avenue
Detroit, Michigan

MAYFIELD, MORRIS H. 2nd Lt. MAC
2210 Park Avenue
Lincoln, Nebraska

MC CALL, ACNES OLIVIA 1st Lt. ANC
Williamston, S. Carolina

MC CALL, JULIA E. 1st Lt. ANC
Williamston, S. Carolina

MC CALMONT, JANE S. 1st Lt. ANC
107 Alpine Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

McDONOUGH, MARJORIE 1st Lt. ANC
342 Western Avenue
Albany, New York

McFADDEN, DOSSEY H. Capt. M.C.
Goldville, S. Carolina

McGRATH, FRANCES V 1st Lt. ANC
433 Third Street
Troy, New York

MC MARTIN, DANIEL M., Capt., M.C.
9 S. William St.,
Johnstown, N.Y.

MC IVER, MONROE A. Maj. M.C.
32 Fair Street
Cooperstown, New York

MILLER, HOWARD E., Capt., INF
1314 Twelfth Ave., Moline, Ill.

MILLER, JOHN K. Lt. Col. M.C.
N.Y. State Dept. Health
Albany, New York

MILLER, MARY ROBERTSON 1st Lt. ANC
1314 Twelfth Ave.
Moline, Ill.

MINOR, LAVORA M. 1st Lt. ANC
328 N. Tucker Street
Nevada, Mo.

MINTZ, MURIEL J. 1st Lt. ANC
508 Rittenhouse Street N.W.
Washington, D.C.

MOILLOY, KATHRYN, E. 1st Lt. ANC
Montour Falls, New York

MORRISON, NANCY J., 2d Lt. ANC
Emleton, Pa.

MOSES, CATHERINE S. 1st Lt ANC
62 Sentinel Road
Lake Placid, N.Y.

MOSHER, JOHN F., Lt. Col. M.C.
Coeymans, N.Y.

MOTT, WALTER C. Maj. M.C.
103 Lenox Avenue
Albany, New York

MORAN, MARY C. 1st Lt. ANC
Clarendon, Vermont

MURPHY, ROSE C. 1st Lt. ANC
201 Graham Street
Herkimer, New York

MYERSON, RALPH M., Capt., M.C.
525 Mystic Valley Parkway
Somerville, Mass.

NAUMOFF, PHILIP Capt. M.C.
1009 W. Markham Avenue
Durham, N. Carolina

NYLEN, ARTHUR H. Col. M. C.
3209 19th Road North
Arlington, Virginia

O'BRIEN, EDNA POWELL, 2d Lt. ANC
239 E. Mosholu Pkwy.
New York City, N.Y.

OSTBERG, LOUISE, ARC
1007 E. River Rd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

PADDOCK, FRANKLYN K. Capt. M.C.
435 South Street
Pittsfield, Mass.

PARKER, GERALDINE E. 1st Lt. ANC
79 Oakland Avenue
Gloversville, New York

PATTERSON, EDITH ARC
1041 Harwood Street
Vancouver B.C.
Canada

PAVLAK, CECILIA V 1st Lt. ANC
113 Frank Street
Salamanca, New York

PHINNEY, WILLIAM R. Maj. Chaplain
364 Hooker Avenue
Poughkeepsie, New York

PILLLOW, BESSIE P. 1st Lt. ANC
801 Mt. Pleasant Rd.
Columbia, Tenn.

RANDELS, Ivo G. 1st Lt. Chaplain
1055 -57th Street
Des Moines, Iowa

RATTERMAN, MARY B. ARC
2012 Terrace Place
Nashville, Tennessee

RAYMOND, HELEN V. 1st Lt. ANC
254 Sly Avenue
Corning, New York

REEVES, JEANNETTE M. 1st Lt. ANC
1569 Dean Street
Schenectady, New York

RICE, JANE M. 1st Lt. ANC
Marshallville, Georgia

RICHARDSON, SAMUEL M. Capt. M.C.
Minden, La.

RICKS, LOUISE A. 1st Lt. ANC
1908 N. Water Street
Decatur, Ill.

RIFFER, HAROLD E. Capt. MAC
324 Highland Avenue
Donora, Penna.

ROBLYER, WILMA L. 1st Lt. ANC
Montour Falls, New York

ROSEBRAUGH, REBECCA C. 1st Lt. ANC
R.R. No. 2, Box No. 394
Brazil, Indiana.

ROSENBLATT, LOUIS G. 1st Lt. D.C.
51 East 78 Street
New York, N.Y.

ROSS, ALICE C. 1st Lt. ANC
407 Atwood Street
Pittsburg, Penna.

ROWE, DOROTHY, ARC
2011 N. Prospect Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

ROZENDAAL, HENDRIK M. Maj. M.C.
1096 Waverly Place
Schenectady, New York

ROZMOND, HELEN V. 1st Lt. ANC
254 Sly Avenue
Corning, New York

RUCKER, MARGARET 1st Lt. ANC
Maple Avenue
Saratoga Springs, New York

SACKETT, NETTIE A. 1st Lt. ANC
c/o Box 125
Berkshire, Mass.

SANDT, KATHRYN A. 1st Lt. ANC
1206 West North Street
Bethlehem, Penna.

SAUNDERS, HELEN R. 1st Lt. ANC
527 Waverly Street
Waverly, New York

SCHAFFER, ESTHER R. 1st Lt. ANC
Colley, Sullivan County, Penna.

SCHALLOCK, HELEN BANIAK, 1st Lt. ANC
540 Second Street
Troy, N.Y.

SCHNEIDER, BERNICE E., 2d Lt. ANC
2864 W. 3d Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

SINGER, MILTON 1st Lt. MAC
942 So. Orange Avenue
Newark, New Jersey

SMEDAL, SGMUND H. Capt. M.C.
385 Morris Street
Albany, New York

SMITH, NANCY T., 2d Lt. ANC
1 Edison Ave., Albany, N.Y.

SMITH, WILLIAM B. J. Maj. D.C.
19 Stonehenge Lane
Albany, New York

SMITH, ZELDA E., 1st Lt., ANC
37 Church St., Coxsackie, N.Y.

SPELLMAN, ALICE L. Lt. Col. ANC
Coal City, Illinois

STALLS, JUNE CRAMMER, 2nd Lt., ANC
212 Loder Ave., Union, N.Y.

STAMAS, STANLEY 1st Lt. MAC
514 Concord Avenue
Bronx, New York

STEIN, ARTHUR H. Maj. M.C.
746 Western Avenue
Albany, New York

STITH, MARION C. Maj. MAC
315 N. Green Street
Henderson, Ky.

SULLIVAN, JOSEPH D., Capt., M.C.
3235 Parkside Place, Bronx, N.Y.

SULLIVAN, DOROTHY, 1st Lt., ANC
21 Manning Blvd., Albany, N.Y.

TALIAFERRO, GEORGIANNA, ARC
902 Westover Ave.
Norfolk, Va.

THATCHER, MARGARET K. 1st Lt. ANC
Hagaman, New York

THOMPSON, BERNICE G., 2d Lt. ANC
2000 Pine Street, Little Rock, Ark.

TOBIN, LUCY A., 2d Lt. ANC
8 Delafield Drive, Albany, N.Y.

TOMPKINS, VICTOR N. Maj. M.C.
1542 Union Street
Schenectady, New York

TREGER, NEWMAN V., Capt. M.C.
1231 N. 4th Street
Independence, Kansas

TYRRELL, E. JANE, 1st Lt., ANC
Valley Falls, N.Y.

VALACHOVIC, ANNA W., 2d Lt. ANC
1332 Eighth Ave., Schenectady, N.Y.

VAVRA, DOROTHY A. 1st Lt. ANC
43 Jarvis Street
Binghamton, New York

VOLK, BENJAMIN M. Capt. M.C.
57 Dana Ave.
Albany, N.Y.

VOLK, MARY RICHTMYER, 1st Lt. ANC
3 Washington Ave.
Coxsackie, N.Y.

VON STORCH, THEODORE J.C. Lt. Col. M.C.
51 Highland Drive
E. Greenbush, N.Y.

WAHONICK, JOSEPHINE 1st Lt. ANC
410 Madison Street
Martins Ferry, Ohio

WALTER, BLANCHE M. 2d Lt. ANC
RFD No. 5, Fort Plain, N.Y.

WARD, FERDINAND J. 1st Lt. Chaplain
DePaul University
1010 Webster Avenue
Chicago, Ill.

WARNER, GERTRUDE E., 2d Lt. ANC
1155 Avon Rd., Schenectady, N.Y.

WEEKS, ELLEN T. 1st Lt. ANC
RFD No. 1, Roulette, Pa.

WHALEN, KATHRYN T. Capt. ANC
1024 Marlyn Rd.
Phila, Pa.

WHELAN, NORA M. 1st Lt. ANC
4 Harris Avenue
Albany, New York

WILKINS, SALLY E. 1st Lt. ANC
Pacolet, South Carolina

WILLIAMS, MARJORIE L. 1st Lt. ANC
37 Everett Street
New Britain, Conn.

WILSON, EDGAR W. 1st Lt. AGD
57 W. Johnson Street
Philadelphia, Penna.

YERDON, MADOLIN E., 1st Lt., ANC
9 Oak St., Johnstown, N.Y.

YOUNG, WILLIAM E. 1st Lt. MAC
420 Horton Street
Wilkes-Barre, Penna.

ALEXANDER, CARAS C., Pfc
De Paun, Indiana.

ALLEN, JACK L., Pvt
Lucasville, Ohio RFD No. 2

ALLEN, ROBERT W., Pfc
339 Dewey St.,
Bennington, Vt.

ALLEN, SAMUEL J., Jr., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Poteau, Okla.

AMMANN, WILLIAM A., T/5
1524 Olive St., N.E.
Washington, D.C. (19)

AMONETT, WILLIAM B., Pfc
RFD No. 3 Crossville, Tenn.

ANDERSON, ALF H., Pfc
7 Savin Ave.,
Norwood, Mass.

ANDERSON, JOHN, Pvt
Lyons, Oregon

ANDREWS, JOHN W. Jr., T/5
511 Baltimore Ave.,
Cumberland, Md.

APTEL, RAYMOND S., T/5
112 Holden St.,
Providence, R.I.

ARNO, PAUL A. T/5
18 Spring Garden St.,
Dorchester, Mass.

ATKINS, HIRAM J., Pvt
509 7 1/2 Street
Charlottesville, Va.

AYLWARD, JOHN R., Pfc
831 Work Drive
Akron, Ohio

BAGOZZI, EDWARD E., Pvt
1719 Milton Avenue
Solvay, N.Y.

BALLIN, KERMIT D. Pfc
1305 Northern Bd.,
Roslyn, L.I., N.Y.

BARBOUR, FRED C. T/4
115 Hamilton Ave.,
Vandergrift, Pa.

BARKER, HAROLD, Pfc
Orange, Texas

BARNES, EDGAR, Pfc
Leachville, Arkansas

BARNES, RICHARD H., Pfc
417 Baker St.,
San Angelo, Texas

BARTEE, EDWARD, Pfc
719 Twenty first St., South,
Birmingham (5) Ala.

BARTZ, ROBERT J., Pvt
41 Williams Street
Batavia, N.Y.

BEADLE, RUSSEL J. S/Sgt
Faulkton, S.D.

BECK, DONALD L., T/5
Charlo, Montana

BENTLEY, WILLIAM N., T/4
P.O. Box No. 3
New Hamburg, N.Y.

BERG, NEIL P., Pfc
745 S. Third Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

BERGMANN, WARREN C., T/3
447 Weart Ave.,
Lundhurst, N.J.

BERKOW, MILTON, J. T/4
333 W. 86th St., N.Y.C.

BERMAN, HAROLD, T/Sgt
2912 Chelser Terrace
Baltimore (16) Md.

BERNOWSKI, EMIL, Pfc
Main St., Bentleyville, Pa.

BIDAMAN, WILLIAM E., Sgt.
37 S. Summit St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

BIELOT, JOSEPH J., Pfc
10 West Street
Deep River, Conn.

BIRNBAUM, JACOB, Pfc
186 Throop Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y.

BLAIR, WILLIE H., Pvt
Oil Springs, Ky.

BLAND, CARLISLE T., Pvt
Shanghai, Va.

BLOHM, FERDINAND A. T/4
Osmond, Nebraska

BOLL, WALTER L., T/5
1531 E. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

BOSLEY, AMOS W., T/5
2567 Edmonson Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

BOSWELL, CHARLES II, Cpl
5334 Walton Ave.,
Philadelphia (43) Pa.

BRADSHAW, SHERMAN, Pfc
RFD No. 1 Wayne, W.Va.

BRAIO, ANGELO, Pfc
705 E. 179th St.,
Bronx, N.Y.

BRODIE, SAMUEL D., Pvt
3731 E. 9th St.,
Kansas City, Mo.

BROWN, ARTHUR S., Pfc
South George Street
York, Pa.

BRUNDIGE, JOHN E., Pfc
Box 158, Valley Falls, N.Y.

BRUNETTE, JAMES, Pvt
28 Traip Ave., Kittery, Me.

BRYFOGLE, EDWARD L., Pfc
22 N. 21st Street
Easton, Pa.

BUCK, ROBERT J., T/5
North Pownal, Vt.

BUEGE, MAHLON W., Pfc
RFD No. 2, Dorr, Mich.

BULER, WILLIAM L., Pfc
13040 Addison Street
Van Nuys, Cal.

BUNCH, ROY L., Jr., T/4
Box 403 RFD No. 5
Muskegee, Okla.

BURKE, JOSEPH M. Jr., T/5
204 West Main St.,
Front Royal, Va.

BURKHARDT, RUSSELL, T/3
253 Slocum Street
Swoyerville, Pa.

- BYRON, PRESTON, Sgt.
3318 Morales Street
San Antonio, Texas
- CAIDRON, LOUIS A. T/5
1505 Oak St.
Youngstown, Ohio
- CALDWELL, SAMUEL F., T/5
Box 91 RFD No. 2
Rustburg, Va.
- CAMERON, DONALD R. T/3
815 Wilkesbarre Street
Easton, Pa.
- CAMPBELL, MANUEL, T/5
Clayhole, Ky.
- CAMPBELL, WILLIAM D., T/4
206 S. Third Street
Paragould, Ark.
- CANVIN, JOHN M. Cpl
750 Elm Street,
Huntingdon, Ind.
- CARBIN, OSCAR W., T/5
East Butler, Pa.
- CARLBORG, ROBERT W. T/5
1136 Sherman Ave.,
Evanston, Ill.
- CARNAVALE, FRANK, Pfc
141 Federal Street,
Providence, R.I.
- CARNEY, JAMES W., Pvt
209 Linden St.,
Everett, Mass
- CARROLL, AMBROSE, T/4
723 Union Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- CASTANO, SAMUEL G., Pfc
52 Bay Street
Montclair, N.J.
- CAULOMBE, IRVING L., T/5
177 Water Street
Randolph, Me.
- CAVALLARO, EDWARD F., T/5
240 Exchange Street
New Haven Conn.
- CHASE, ROBERT M., T/5
43 High Street
Kennebunk, Me.
- CHERVEN, JAMES A., Sgt.
1236 W. Fred Street
Whiting, Ind.
- CHIECO, ANTHONY M., Sgt.
7 Van Dorn St.
New York City
- CHILDERS, QUENTIN, Pfc
Salt Rock, W. Va.
- CHMERO, GEORGE, T/4
Box 341, North Bellmore, L.I., N.Y.
- CHUPAK, THEODORE, Pfc
932 Haynes St.,
Akron, Ohio
- CLARK, LAWRENCE, T/5
Puxico, Mo.
- CLEMENTS, WALTER O., T/4
Third Street, Vienna, Ga.
- CLEMENTS, WILLIAM C., Pvt.
Third St., Vienna, Ga.
- COLE, BEVLEY, Pfc
Drift, Ky.
- COLEN, GILBERT J. Pfc
1501 Nelson Ave.,
New York (52) N.Y.
- COLLINS, EDGEL, T/5
Soft Shell, Ky.
- COMMAND, JOSEPH, T/5
1813 East Lombard St.,
Baltimore, Md.
- COMMONS, W.C., Jr., Pfc
Box 401, Italy, Texas
- CONWAY, RICHARD, Pfc
75 West 92 St.
New York City
- COOPER, EVAN, Pfc
RFD No. 2, Box 180
Felton, Delaware
- COOPER, HERMAN, Pfc
6250 N. 18th St.,
Phila., Pa.
- CORDELL, CARL E., Cpl
Ora Mills, Shelby, N.C.
- CORRIERI, GIUSEPPE R., Pfc
327 East 113 St., N.Y. C., N.Y.
- CORTAZZO, FRANK S., Sgt
400 1/2 Fairview Ave.,
Turtle Creek, Pa.
- COSTELLO, MICHAEL P. T/3
94-19 210th Street
Queens Village, L.I., N.Y.
- COURSEN, HARRY E., Jr., Pfc
732 Dellwood St.,
Bethlehem, Pa.
- COX, EDWARD L., Cpl
80 Ashford St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- CRAMER, CHARLES T., Pfc
78 Vine St., Newark, Ohio
- CRONE, JOSEPH P. T/5
169 Lexington Ave.,
Patterson, N.J.
- CROUCH, WILLIAM Sgt
3735 Bagley Ave.,
Palms, Los Angels, Cal.
- CUCCICCHIA, MICHAEL J., Pvt
8255 Sixty-first Road
Elmhurst, L.I., N.Y.
- DAMIANO, AUGUSTINO J., Sgt
15 Charme Ave.,
Roslindale, Mass.
- DAMPMAN, HAROLD E., Pfc
151 Glentay Rd.,
Lansdowne, Pa.
- DASKOU, JOHN, Pfc
1111 Langhan Ave.,
Camden, N.J.
- DAVIS, FRANK, Jr., T/5
Washington, Ky.
- DAVIS, THEODORE J., Pfc
Springville, Ia.
- DAWSON, CECIL R., Pvt
Midway Junior College
Midway, Ky.
- DE CARLO, PETER, T/Sgt
1214 Fifth Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- DEGLAU, DARWIN, Pfc
RFD No. 1, Derry, Pa.
- DEHNER, MILTON W., Pfc.
3917 King Place
Cincinnati, Ohio.
- DELINGER, ANTHONY F., T/5
406 Weidman St.,
Lebanon, Pa.
- DE LONG GEORGE, T/5
810 Patterson Ave.,
Bay City, Mich.
- DEMPSEY, CLARENCE, Cpl
Long Prairie, Minn.
- DESCHENES, JOSEPH L., Pfc
485 Moody St.,
Lowell, Mass.
- DEVEAU, RALPH J., T/4
94 E. Newton St.,
Boston (18) Mass.
- DI DIO, ANTHONY J., Pfc
35 Allen St.,
Lawrence, Mass.
- DIERSING, PHILIP T., T/Sgt
RFD No. 1 Box 4
Hallettsville, Texas
- DILLIPLANE, JAMES, M., Pfc
1310 W. State St.,
Shamokin, Pa.
- DI PIERO, DAN J., Pfc
3182 Temple Ave.,
Youngstown, Ohio
- DIXON, JOHN J., Pfc
RFD No. 1 Dysart, Pa.
- DOLAN, JOSEPH J., T/3
516 Ostisco St.,
Syracuse, N.Y.
- DONATO, ANTHONY G., T/4
1316 Seitz St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- DOUB, LANDON A., Pvt
Labelle, Fla.
- DRENNAN, WALTER M., Pfc
328 Murtland Ave.,
Springdale, Pa.
- DROZDOVICH, CHARLES, Pvt
73-03 Fifty-seventh Rd.,
Maspeth, L.I., N.Y.

DUFFY, DAMIAN J., Pfc
Playmore Casino
E. Dubuque, Ill.

DUKE, LAWTON M., Pvt
RFD No. 2, Bradyville, Tenn

DYSERT, HARRY, Pfc
4067 East 103d St.,
Cleveland (5) Ohio

EASON, JAMES O. T/4
Box 114, Bailey, N.C.

EASON, PERSON T/5
117 W. Edenton St.,
Raleigh, N.C.

ELLIOTT, GUY O., Pfc
RFD No. 3, Alma, Kan.

ENCK, WILLIAM J., Pvt
Box 172, Akron, Pa.

EVANS, JACK M., Pfc
Box 38 Starr, S.C.

EVERHART, JAMES A., T/5
120 S. Water St.,
Charlestown, W.Va.

FAIRBROTHER, ROBERT M., Pfc
RFD No. 2, Avoca, N.Y.

FALACIENSKI, FRANK J., Pvt
7315 Deveny Ave.,
Cleveland (5) Ohio

FALACIENSKI, HENRY J., Pvt
7315 Deveny Ave.,
Cleveland (5) Ohio

FALLS, JOHN V., T/3
2817 W. Grace St.,
Richmond, Va.

FARIS, JOHN T., T/5
181 Hope St.,
Fall River, Mass.

FEINBERG, MAX M., Pvt
1259 S. Windsor Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

FENNER, LESTER G., T/4
1616 Elm St.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

FENTON, SIDNEY T., S/Sgt
20 Norwood Ave.,
Albany, N.Y.

FERGUSON, ERNEST E., Pfc
Logan, W. Va.

FERRIER, MARTIN I., Pfc
311 N. Adams Ave.,
Lebanon, Mo.

FIDELER, WALTER, Pfc
91 Payson Ave.,
New York City

FITZPATRICK, DANIEL J., T/4
180 School St.,
Waltham, Mass.

FLEISHER, EDWARD T/4
814 W. Broad St.,
Bethlehem, Pa.

FOLEY, GEORGE J., Sgt
52 Oak St.,
Somerville, Mass.

FRANCESCO JOSEPH, Pfc
3936 N. Reese St.,
Phila., Pa.

FRASER, ASLATAIR M., Pfc
Newburgh, N.Y.

FREEMAN, HAROLD N., Cpl
RFD No. 1, Knox City, Texas

FULMER, ALBERT D., Pfc
143 N. First St.,
Connellsville, Pa.

GAINES, JAMES K., Pvt
Trimble, Tenn.

GARNER, HAROLD G., Pfc
136 S. Canon Drive
Beverly Hills, Cal.

GARRISON, BILLY S/Sgt
704 D St., Fairbury, Neb.

GAXTON, ALBERT A., Pvt
28 Lookout St.,
Gloucester, Mass.

GEORGE, NEWTON M., Pvt
115 Commerce St.,
Petersburg, Va.

GERSCO, HARRY J., Pfc
549 N. Edinburgh St.,
Los Angeles (36) Cal.

GIAIMO, ANTHONY J., Pfc
212 Saltonstall Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

GIANAKIS, ALEXANDER G., T/4
491 East North St.
Galesburg, Ill.

GILBIRDS, JOHN W., Pfc
2629 E. 29th St.,
Kansas City (3) Mo.

GILLUM, CHARLES E., T/5
39 East Charlotte St.,
Ecorse, Mich.

GINMAN, WOODROW J., Pfc
Squire St., Oldbridge, N.J.

GINSBERG, PAUL F., Pfc
2963 N. 47th St.,
Milwaukee, (10) Wis.

GIZIENSKI, JOSEPH T., S/Sgt
Box 24 Russellton, Pa.

GOMENGINGER, THEODORE, T/5
615 1/2 S. Clinton Ave.,
Rochester, N.Y.

GOMEZ, LAWRENCE H., Pfc
735 Geary St.,
Fresno, Cal.

GONZALEZ, JESUS N., Pvt
Box 304 Nogales, Ariz.

GORDON, LEO, T/5
1735 Walton Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.

GORELICK, JOSEPH, T/4
270 Parkside Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GORSAGE, GEORGE F., Pfc
2640 River Road
River Grove, Ill.

GOUVEIA, ANTHONY A., T/5
108 W. 75th St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

GOVER, LEROY W. Pvt
903 N. Main St.,
Bicknell, Ind.

GRANT, MARION W., Pfc
Masengo, Ind.

GRAVES, EDWIN I., Pvt
Rushville, Mo.

GREATHOUSE, TED S., Pfc
Box 85, Lampasas, Texas

GREENE, HERMAN A., Pvt
284 Shaw St.,
East Braintree, Mass.

GREENFIELD, MURL
RFD No. 2, Villisca, Ia.

GREWE, LAWRENCE, Pfc
RFD No. 1 Rossburg, Ohio

GROSSI, ANTHONY J. Jr., T/4
6622 Fifteenth Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GRUNDHOFER, JOHN W., T/3
1215 Brook Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

GUGLIELMO, ANTONIO J., T/4
600 St. Marks Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

GYURICSKO, WILLIAM, Pfc
288 Bostwick Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

HAAR, PETER, Pfc
1219 « O » St.
Sanger, Cal.

HAINES, ROBERT E. T/5
611 Magnolia Ave.,
Long Beach, Cal.

HANSON, EUGENE, Pvt
Main St., Chatham, Mass.

HARGRAVES, CHESLEY, Pvt
Sturdivant, Mo.

HARRISON, RICHARD L. T/5
701 W. Commonwealth Ave.,
Fullerton, Cal.

HAUPT, ALBERT, Pfc
Biola, Cal.

HAYGOOD, WELDON T., Pfc
RFD No. 2 Canton, Ga.

HAZZARD, DONALD R. Pfc
434 Madison St.
Carlstadt, N.J.

HEALY, JAMES C., S/Sgt
4510 Beacon St.,
Chicago, Ill.

- HEATON, PAUL C., T/3
1611 Washington St.,
Huntingdon Pa.
- HEFLIN, CARROLL W., Pvt
Linden, Va.
- HELDMAN, SELLI, Pfc
569 W. 171 Street
New York City, N.Y.
- HENDERSON, THOMAS L., T/5
1429 May St.,
Ft. Worth, Texas
- HENRY, BOYD M., S/Sgt
106 Oakland Ave.,
Punxsutawney, Pa.
- HENRY, JAMES E., Pvt
Gen. Del., Milwaukee (2) Wis.
- HERBERT, HENRY M., Pfc
1912 Boas St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.
- HERNANDEZ, ALBERT, T/4
161 E. 102 St., N.Y.C., N.Y.
- HERRING, RUFUS M., Pvt
300 Johnson St.,
Clinton, N.C.
- HERRY, RAYMOND J., Pvt
349 W. 3d Street
Clifton, N.J.
- HIHN, JOHN B. Jr., Pfc
1921 E. 30th St.,
Baltimore (18) Md.
- HINK, ERNEST A., Sgt
2404 N. 17th Street
Tacoma, Wash.
- HIRKO, JOHN A., Pvt
274 Moffett St.,
Plains, Pa.
- HOBLOCK, ALEXANDER, S/Sgt
Spruce Street, W. Pawlet, Vt.
- HOLLAND, WILSON H., Pfc
Box 368, Croydon, Pa.
- HOLMES, WILLIAM E., Pfc
3418 Stafford St.,
Baltimore, Md.
- HOMER, ROBERT S.P., Pfc
39 E. Tulpehocken St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- HOPKINS, ROY Jr., Pfc
Laurens, Ia.
- HOPKINS, ROY L., Pvt
6732 S. Halstead St.,
Chicago, Ill.
- HOPPER, DONALD W., T/5
209 Rock Island St.,
Gouverneur, N.Y.
- HORNAT, CHARLES, T/4
2718 S. Cuyler Ave.,
Berwyn, Ill.
- HOSTETLER, L. GEORGE, Pfc
Allensville, Pa.
- HOWARD, CHESTER E., Pfc
Box 392, Fairfield, Ohio
- HRITZ, GEORGE I., Sgt
4005 North St.,
Flint (5) Mich.
- HUDAK, JOSEPH R.
2406 California Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- HUDSON, WILLIAM B. T/5
700 Harvey St.,
Baltimore, Md.
- HUMMEL, WILLIAM A., Pfc
3 Hummel Terrace
Albany, N.Y.
- HUNTER, EDGAR T., T/5
Mulberry, Ark.
- HURLEY, RANDALL J. Pvt
Boston Road RFD
Woburn, Mass.
- HURST, W. D., Pfc
Box 34 Glenwood, Ga.
- HURT, JOHN R., T/4
Drakes Branch, Va.
- HUTTON, FLOYD H., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Savannah, Tenn.
- IANNELLI, CARMEN, Pvt
2232 Avalon Place
Columbus (3) Ohio
- JACKSON, FREDDIE J., T/5
Box 395 Rosielare, Ill.
- JAMES, JESSIE, Pvt
Conshatta, La.
- JASPER, HERMAN C., Pfc
821 Sixth St.,
Carrollton, Ky.
- JENKINS, RAYMOND H., T/5
RFD No. 1 Central City, Ky.
- JENNINGS, FRANCIS A., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Clarklake, Mich.
- JENSEN ARNOLD R., Cpl
RFD No. 2 Box 689
Sanger, Cal.
- JENSEN, BERNARD S., Cpl
2264 Creston Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- JOHNSON, BURNETT L., T/5
403 E. Winona St.,
Austin, Minn.
- JOHNSTON, ROBERT M., T/4
Baker Lane, Budd Lake, N.J.
- JOHNSTON, ROBERT M., Cpl
c/o 23 Mezzanine Arcade Bldg.
St. Louis, (11) Mo.
- JONES ANDREW, Pfc
221 Frederick St.,
Hagerstown, Md.
- JONES, JULIUS T., Sgt.
2302 Third Ave.,
Richmond, Va.
- JOYNER, HENRY W., T/5
2411 Highland Ave.,
Richmond (24) Va.
- JUDD, RAYMOND S., T/3
3675 Broadway, N.Y.C., N.Y.
- JULIO, FRANK J., Pfc
1211 S. Main Ave.,
Scranton, Pa.
- JUNE, YEE CHEUNG, Pvt
306th Street
Cincinnati, Ohio
- KALSTEIN, EUGENE, T/5
91-47 Eighty-eighth Rd.
Woodhaven, N.Y.
- KASparek, MIKE J., Pvt
2084 W. 30th Street
Cleveland, Ohio
- KAVANAUGH, JOHN C., Pfc
1249 William St.
Baltimore, Md.
- KEARNS, LEO M. T/4
421 Warren St.
Roxbury, Mass.
- KEESHAN, BERNARD A., T/5
100 Second Ave.,
Albany, N.Y.
- KEESHAN, FRANCIS J. T/5
100 Second Ave.,
Albany, N.Y.
- KEIL, EDWARD W., T/5
443 Bleeker St.,
Brooklyn (27) N.Y.
- KELLY, VIRGIL W., T/4
419 Schiller Ave.,
Trenton (10) N.J.
- KERR, CLYDE M., Pfc
RFD No. 2 Chattanooga, Tenn.
- KERSHAW, LESLIE B., Pfc
Hinton W. Va.
- KIO, LEIGH H., S/Sgt
Cooperstown, N.Y.
- KIRKEENG, LE MONTE E., T/3
Rockland, Wis.
- KIRSCH, ROBERT, Pfc
309 Hillside Ave.,
Jenkintown, Pa.
- KLINEFELTER, FLOYD, Pvt
710 N. Main St.,
Crown Point, Ind.
- KLOC, THADDEUS L., Sgt
107 Warsaw St.,
Lackawanna (18) N.Y.
- KNAPP, CHARLES R., T/4
500 Ninth St.,
Ocean City, N.J.
- KNOWLTON, HERBERT, Pvt
Box 702 Sunnyside, Wash.
- KONECSNI, VINCENT J., Sgt.
RFD No. 1 Cheswick, Pa.

KORBA, FRANK, Pvt
RFD No. 1 Eighty-four, Pa.

KOVACS, ARTHUR J., T/4
Owatonna, Minn.

KRAFT, STANLEY V., T/4
238 North Parkside Ave.,
Chicago (44) Ill.

KRAUSS RANDOLPH, T/5
1068 Grant Ave.,
Bronx (56) N.Y.

KUZMINSKI, KASMIER H., Pfc
18 Ferris Street
Jersey City, N.J.

LABORDE, LAWRENCE C., Pvt
Hessmer La.

LACY, ROBERT I., Pvt
212 Bridge St.,
Piqua, Ohio

LANDRUM, LUTHER, T/5
Hardshell, Ky.

LANDSBERGER, A.E., S/Sgt
Hampton, Minn.

LA PALLO, DANIEL, Pvt
104-64 Forty-fifth Ave.,
Corona, L.I., N.Y.

LA PORTA, JOHN N., Pvt
235 Sackman St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

LAUBER, WILLIAM C., T/5
761 E. King St.,
York, Pa.

AYMAN, EDWY M., Pvt
509 N. 12th St.,
Salina, Kan.

LAW, ANDREW W., Pvt
914 Hawthorne Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

LAWRENCE, EVERETT W., Pvt.
142 Humboldt Av.,
Providence (6) R.I.

LAWRENCE, OSCAR D., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Woodstock, Ala.

LAWRENCE, WILLIAM T., Pfc
1800 Elmore St.,
Cincinnati (23), Ohio

LAZZARINI, EVO, Pfc
6 Goodman Place
Hartford, Conn.

LEAHHEY, PHILIP J., Pvt
471 State St.,
E. Plymouth, Pa.

LEDERER, JOSEPH, Pvt
2619 Tilbury Ave.,
Pittsburgh, Pa (17)

LEDLOW, LEWIS B., Pvt
1005 ½ Margaret Place
Shreveport, La.

LEE, ELMER V., Pfc
Box 1272, Rapid City, S.D.

LEGGRAND, BILLY, Pvt
RFD No. 2 Yuba City, Cal.

LEIDLE, ALVIN O., Pfc
Box 6 RFD No. 2
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

LELAND, HAAKEN E., Sgt
RFD No. 1 Robinson, N.D.

LEONARD, HARRY J., T/5
RFD No. 1 Box 14
Blairsville, Pa.

LEVI, ARTHUR A., Pvt
Ludlow, Mass.

LEVINE, BEN, T/5
303 E. 8th St., N.Y.C.

LEWIS, ALBERT A., T/4
36 Washington Ave.,
Waltham, Mass.

LIDVETTE, GEORGE, Pfc
627 Grace St.,
Scranton, Pa.

LINDBERGH, VICTOR R., Pvt
20 Conklin Ave.,
Binghamton, N.Y.

LINDQUIST, VERNER S., Pvt
1509 Twenty-sixth Ave., N.E.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

LITTLE, FRANK L., T/4
RFD No. 1 Muncey Valley, Pa.

LITTLE, GEORGE M., Pvt
Watauga, Tenn.

LOGAN, DWIGHT M., Pfc
Star Route, Oneonta, Ala.

LONG EARL C., Cpl
1130 Church St.,
Lebanon, Pa.

LOVE, GEORGE T/3
27 S. Robinson St.,
Phila., Pa.

LOWRY, WALTER A., Pfc
1622 Cedar Ave.,
Turtle Creek, Pa.

LUEETH, WILFRED J., T/5
Pine City, Minn.

LUNDBYE, JOHN H., Jr., T/4
25 South Franklin St.,
Lancaster, Pa.

LUTHER, PHILIP M., T/3
67 Hurlbut St.,
Albany (2) N.Y.

LYI,E, LEWIS, Pfc
436 Noble Ave.,
Akron (2) Ohio

LYONS, STEPHEN C., Pvt
RFD No. 2, S. Portland, Me.

MAASCH, ERNEST R., Pfc
New York Mills, Minn.

MACDONALD, EARL B., Pvt
825 E. 55th St.,
Chicago, Ill.

MACZKA, WILLIAM J., Pfc
28 Cabot St.,
Chicopee, Mass.

MADDIN, ROLLAND W., T/5
905 E. 80th St.,
Chicago (19) Ill.

MADDOX, JAMES C. Pfc
RFD No. 1, Juliette, Ga.

MAGLIANO, ANTHONY J., Pvt
19 Tompkins Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.

MAGLIO, ALBERT M., Pfc
1541 S. 12th St.,
Phila., Pa.

MAJERNIK, ALBERT A., T/4
144 E. Water St.,
Coaldale, Pa.

MALCZEWSKI, ALEXANDER, Pfc
262 Willet St.,
Buffalo (6) N.Y.

MALLORY, ROBERT H., Cpl.
247 Culver Rd.
Rochester (7) N.Y.

MANIERI, BENJAMIN A., S/Sgt
76 Mangin St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

MARCHIONE, JOSEPH M., Pvt
125 Mulberry St., N.Y.C.

MARCINE, DANIEL G., T/4
14 Sherman Ave.,
Raritan, N.J.

MARGARELLA, JAMES A., Pfc
6914 S. Wood St.,
Chicago, Ill.

MARKS, GRADY C., Pfc
1338 W. Arlington St.,
Gainesville, Fla.

MARQUEZ, LEON J., Sgt
701 S. 3d St.,
Albuquerque, N.M.

MATTIE, DANIEL W., T/4
41 Woodward Ave.,
Quincy, Mass.

MAYHEW, WILLIAM C., T/4
5009 Cates Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

MC CADDEEN, HUGH L., T/Sgt
102 Wood Lane
Oakmont, Delaware County, Pa.

MC CARTHY, CHARLIE, Pfc
8226 S. Artesian Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

MC GREW, JAMES, Pfc
1135 S. 7th St.,
Louisville, Ky.

MC GUIRE, CHARLES W. Cpl.
5938 Sheridan Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

MC INTOSH, LLOYD T., Pfc
Box 722, Canton, N.C.

- MC MANUS, WILLIAM J., Pfc
4706 Gurley St.,
Dallas, Texas
- MC SWAIN, WILLIAM T., Pvt
RFD No. 1, Tryon, N.C.
- MEAD, LONNIE, T/5
c/o Dr. J. C. Freed
Artica, Ind.
- MEEGAN, WILLIAM T., T/4
723 Eighteenth Ave.,
Moline, Ill.
- MEIER, WILLIS R., T/4
Farmersburg, Ia.
- MELTON, ALVIN E., Pfc
414 Mc Dowell St.,
Fairbury, Neb.
- MENNILLO, RINALDO S., T/4
3312 Seventh Ave.,
Troy, N.Y.
- MERLIO, NICHOLAS, Pfc
303 Harmon St.,
Brooklyn (27) N.Y.
- MERRINGER, CHARLES L., T/5
Acosta, Pa.
- MESERINO, CARMINE J., Pvt
676 Union Ave.,
Westbury, L.I., N.Y.
- MILLER, HAROLD E., Cpl
407 N. Partridge St.,
Lebanon, Pa.
- MILLER, KENNETH E., Cpl
941 Depot St., Brockway, Pa.
- MILLER, ORVILLE, Pfc
1201 Riley St.,
Topeka, Kan.
- MILLER, PENNELTON G., Pfc
RFD No. 3 Afton, Okla.
- MILLER, RICHARD J., Pfc
303 N. Freedom St.,
Ravenna, Ohio
- MILLER, WILLIAM H., Jr., Sgt
RFD No. 1, Posen, Mich.
- MILLER, WILLIAM H., Pfc
Wescosville, Pa.
- MILLS, ERVIN F., Pfc
RFD No. 1 Fife Lake, Mich.
- MILLS, VON C. T/5
Beechwood, Ind.
- MILONOVICH, NICK, S/Sgt
76 Main St.,
Wheeling, W. Va.
- MINNEAR, NORVAL B., Pvt
15 1/2 East Third St.,
Mansfield, Ohio
- MITCHELL, HOWARD C., Pfc
Box 213, Hailey, Idaho
- MITCHELL, JAMES R., Pvt
Shelby, N.C.
- MOLLIN, MORRIS, Pfc
172 E 7th St., N.Y.C.
- MONTGOMERY, ANDREW J., Pvt
Murphy, N.C.
- MONTGOMERY, R.A., Pvt
2928 Nelson Place, S.E.
Washington, D.C.
- MORRISON, ROBERT J., Pvt
Pope Allen Lane RFD No. 3
East St. Louis, Mo.
- MOSEY, MICHAEL J., Pvt
159 Fifth St.,
Elizabeth, N.J.
- MOYER, JOHN B., T/4
1632 « U » St., S.E.,
Washington, D.C.
- MUELLER, ROY W., Pvt
6737 Clayton Rd.,
St. Louis (17) Mo.
- MUNZ, FRED, Pvt
Hudson, Kan.
- MURINSON, MORRIS, Pfc
1260 Ftley Ave.,
Bronx (60) N.Y.
- MURTHA, JOHN A., Pfc
2205 Walton Ave.,
New York (53) N.Y.
- NAIGUS, IRVING, Pfc
1659 Walton Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- NAUGLE, HAROLD W., T/4
Box 286 Seanor, Pa.
- NEDEAU, RONALD A., Sgt
Box 95, Farmington, N.H.
- NEWCOMB, ALBERT T., Pfc
1600 Canarsie Rd.,
Brooklyn (12) N.Y.
- NEWTON, JOSEPH G., Pfc
422 Crawford St.,
Shelby, N.C.
- NICHOLS, RILEY A., Pfc
Glen Allen, Miss. RFD No. 1
- NICHOLS, WADEMAN, Pfc
52 « A » St., Huntington, W.Va.
- NUNEZ, SALVADOR G., Pfc
708 S. Kansas St.,
El Paso, Texas
- NUNNALLY, ARNOLD M., Pvt
Chester, Va.
- OBITKO, GEORGE, T/4
Box 186 Roscoe, Pa.
- O'BRIEN, VINCENT J., 1st/Sgt
239 E. Mosholu Parkway
New York City (67) N.Y.
- O'BYRNE, STUART G., Cpl
343 N. Grove Street
Oak Park, Ill.
- O'DWYER, EDWARD M., Sgt.
6323 S. Washtenaw Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- OLDROYD, THOMAS L., Cpl
3434 Sheffield Ave.,
Phila., Pa.
- O'MAHONEY, CORNELIUS P., T/5
920 James St., North Side
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- O'NEIL, JAMES, T/5
664 Sixtieth St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- O'ROURKE, JAMES D., Pvt
11635 Nardin St.,
Detroit, Mich.
- ORTMAN, HARRY B., Pfc
Marion, S.D.
- PALMER, GEORGE W., Sgt
2128 Girard Ave., North
Minneapolis, Minn.
- PARENTS, SAMUEL, Pfc
642 Chicopee St.,
Williamansett, Mass.
- PARRIS, DAVID, Pvt
Sylva, N.C.
- PATFIELD, MAXWELL J., Pfc
1400 Coit Ave.,
Cleveland Ohio
- PAUTZ, GUSTAVE, Cpl
50-05 Sixty-eighth Street
Woodside, N.Y.
- PAUWELS, ALBERT W., T/Sgt
214 Feronia Way
Rutherford, N.J.
- PAYTON, ALEXANDER, T/4
25 S. Annapolis Blvd.,
Baltimore (25) Md.
- PFERCE, JAMES J., Pvt
152 Pear Walk
San Antonio, Texas
- PERKIS, SAUL, Pfc
285 Orchard St.,
New Haven, Conn.
- PERLITCH, FRED, Pvt
2541 N. Marston St.,
Phila., Pa.
- PERRY, DONALD, Pfc
1183 Grove St.,
Clearwater, Fla.
- PESTA, BENEDICT M., Pfc
6602 Hosmer Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
- PETERSEN, WALTER, Pvt
89-19 220th St.,
Queens Village, I.I., N.Y.
- PETERSON, JOSEPH A., T/4
47 Dale St.,
Roxbury, Mass.
- PETRIDES, WILLIAM, Pfc
2208 W. 40th Place,
Cleveland, Ohio
- PHENIS, GEORGE M. Pfc.
Frankton, Ind.
- PHILLIPS, LEWIS G., Pfc.
212 Washington Ave.,
Charleroi, Pa.

PIERCE, EDMUND C., T/5
330 N. 22nd St.,
Louisville, Ky.

PIERCE, JAMES A., T/4
Dillmer, Pa. RFD No. 1

PIGNATELLO, JOSEPH P., Pvt
30 Cherry St.,
Montclair, N.J.

PINSON, ALLEN P., Pvt
2006 Marcum Terrace,
Huntington, W.Va.

PIONTKA, JOHN V., T/4
Box 58, Elco, Pa.

PIPPERT, ELMER E., T/5
Quinn, S.D.

PIZZUTO, SAM, Pvt
Lutcher, Ia.

PLATAKIS, JEROME E., T/4
717 Eighth St.,
Charleroi, Pa.

POLLY, ROBERT J., T/4
Box 288 RFD 1,
Orting, Wash.

POMPA, ALBERT M., T/4
1014 Fourth Ave.,
Altoona, Pa.

POWERS, EDWARD J., Sgt
57 Erskine Ave.,
Youngstown, Ohio

POWERS, JOHN C., T/4
RFD 5, Ithaca, N.Y.

QUARANTA, ANTHONY E., T/4
443 E. Myrtle Ave.,
Youngstown, Ohio

QUARTIN, GEORGE S., T/4
250 Ocean Parkway
Brooklyn (18) N.Y.

QUICK, ALGOT V., Pfc.
Borup, Minn.

RAIDY, WILLIAM A., T/4
185 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass.

RAMBO, DANIEL L., Pic.
Route No. 3, Box 187., Hoquiam,
Wash.

RAMBO, GEORGE., Pfc.
Route No. 3, Box 187., Hoquiam,
Wash.

RATHMEL, CLOYCE W., Pfc.
R.F.D. No. 4., Washington, Iowa

RAY, ERNEST J., T/4
Christiania, RFD No. 1, Pa.

REDLICH, OTTO E., Sgt.
2 Schoonmaker Ave., Monessen, Pa.

REED, DONALD C. Jr., Pfc
80 Beaver St., Cooperstown, NY.

REED, HARRY C., Pfc.
808 S. River St., Carthage, Missouri

REMIA, JOSEPH B., T/4
1721 Sixty-ninth St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

RHEA, CLARENCE., Pvt
RFD No. 2., Moscow, Tenn.

RICHARDS, HERBERT L., Pfc
286 Hope St., Mansfield, Mass.

RICKS, JESSE S., Sgt.
Cadiz, Kentucky

RINKERT, ROY M., Pfc
Volga, Iowa

RISSMAN, NORMAN., T/5
1246 S. Independence St., Chicago, Ill.

ROBERTI, FRANK., T/5
194 Dora St., Providence, Rhode
Island

ROBERTS, PAUL., T/4
3611 Prospect Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ROBINSON, JAMES H., T/5
2 Marks Place., South River, N.J.

ROCKVAM, JEROME C., Pfc
105 N. Broadway St., New Ulm, Minn.

ROMITO, TOM G., T/4
2920 Mullins St.,
North Side, Pgh, (12) Pa.

ROOT, GEORGE C., Pvt
1 Delaware Street
Glens Falls, N.Y.

ROSARIO, PEDRO C., S/Sgt
108 E. 118th St., New York, N.Y.

ROSE, LAWRENCE N., Tech Sgt.
9 Myrtle Ave., Middletown, N.Y.

ROSENBERG, IRVING., T/5
182 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ROTHMAN, HOWARD R., T/3
36 N. 10th St., Allentown, Pa.

RUPAS, MENAS G., S/Sgt
539 W. 112th St.,
N.Y.C., N.Y.

RUTAN, ROBERT R., T/4
181 Normandy Ave., Rochester, N.Y.

RUTTAN, ALVIN., T/4
1341 N. Naomi., Burbank, Cal.

RYAN, DENNIS L., Pfc
Alder Brook, N.Y.

RYAN, JOHN J., Pfc
9 Southwick St., Dorchester, Mass.

RYAN, LAWRENCE A., Pfc
609 W. 191st St., New York, N.Y.

SANCHEZ, SANTIAGO JR., Pvt
Gen. Del., Beeville, Texas

SANGSTER, JAMES E., Pvt
RFD No. 1, Earlsboro, Okla.

SAVAGE, RUDY C., Pvt.
1564 Dahlia St., Denver, 7, Colorado

SAVINO, JOSEPH P., T/5
1119 Longwood Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

SCHILLE, MELVIN H., T/5
2326 Farwell Ave., Chicago, Illonisi

SCHLOUGH, THEODORE H. Jr., Sgt.
525 Lafayette St., Easton, Pa.

SCHMIDT, RALPH H. Pfc
701 Richmond St., Joliet, Ill.

SCHNEIDER, EDWARD, T/4
320 12th St., Tell City, Ind.

SCHREIN, GEORGE J., Pfc
9321 Ostego Ave.,
Detroit (4) Mich.

SCHROEDER, JOSEPH., Pfc
1732 Jackson St., Dubuque, Iowa

SCHULTSMEIER, LEE, T/4
RFD No. 1, McCook, Neb.

SCHUMACHER, DONALD C., Pvt.
348 S. Homan Ave., Chicago, 24, Ill.

SCHWAB, VINCENT E., T/5
1008 Wilkesbarre St., Easton, Pa.

SEIFFERT, EUGENE T., Pfc
534 Adams St.,
Waterloo, Ia.

SHAFRANSKI, LEO K., Pvt.
W. Main St., Lemont, Ill.

SHEDD, NEAL, Cpl
Hedges, Ala.

SHELTON, JAMES B., Pfc
RFD No. 1, Terry, Miss.

SHERRARD, HAROLD O., T/3
752 S. Mariposa St., Los Angeles,
5, Cal.

SIDES, WARREN A., Pfc
Laporte City, Iowa

SILVIA, VIRGILIO, T/4
87 Smith St., Bridgeport, Conn.

SIMONS, ELI, Pvt.
240 Main St., West Haven, Conn.

SIMONSIC, TONY C., Sgt.
Box 163 Law Co., Bessemer, Pa.

SIPPE, MELVIN L.
RFD No. 3, Volant, Pa.

SIRILLA, Paul A., Pfc
Box 123, Fairbank, Pa.

SITKO, CHARLES J., T/5
300 Maple Ave., Washington, Pa.

SKOLNIK, MORRIS., Pvt.
3426 Monroe St., Chicago, 24 Ill.

SLAGLE, ALLISON V., T/5
3116 6th Ave., Chattanooga, Tenn.

SLATER, ELMER D., Pvt.
425 9th St. SW., Massillon, Ohio.

SMALL, PETER B., Pfc
40 Pembroke St., Springfield, Mass.

SMILOVICI, GUSTAVE, Sgt
Room 613, Men's Dorm.
Bellevue Hospital, N.Y.C.

SMITH, HAROLD C., T/4
35 Benson Ave., Buffalo, 10, N.Y.

- SMOLINSKI, RAYMOND J., Pvt.
8349 Buffalo Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- SNEE, DONALDSON B., T/4
55 Summer St., Rutland, Vt.
- SOMERVILLE, KERMIT., Pvt.
Sandyville, W.Wa.
- SOPPER, ALFRED E., T/5
614 Mohr St., Allentown, Pa.
- SORRENTINO, ARTHUR A., Pfc
2186 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.
- SPARKS, FRED B., Pfc
Star Route., Everett, Pa.
- SPEIER, THEODORE A., T/4
Box 3467., Miami, Fla.
- SPIEGEL, NORMAN, Pfc
95 Keap St., Brooklyn, 11, N.Y.
- SPOLSDOFF, JOHN A., Pfc
Route 2, Box 242., Kerman, Cal.
- SPRAKER, FRANK W., T/3
Cripple Creek, Va.
- SPRENKLE, DONALD M., Pvt
R. D. No. 1, York Haven, Pa.
- STAR, CLARENCE., Pfc
1755 Aberdeen St. NE., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- STARR, RUSSELL F., Pfc
RFD No. 2, Lewistown, Pa.
- STATUTO, LOUIS A., Pvt
27 McClure St., Revere, Mass.
- STAVRANAKOS, JAMES., Pfc
1401 University Ave., Bronx, N.Y.
- STEFANELLI, FABIO., Pvt.
354 Douglass St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
- STEFANO, CHRISTY H., T/5
35 Columbus Ave., New York, N.Y.
- STEIN, MILTON A., T/5
Tamaroa, Ill.
- STENVOLD, JOSEPH M., Pfc
Glenwood, Minnesota
- STRANSKY, FRANK C., Pfc
RFD No. 4, Diminson, N.D.
- STRAUSS, FLOYD C., T/4
Watertown, Route No. 4, Wisconsin.
- STRIMONSKY, MAX., T/5
12635 Edmonton Av., Cleveland,
Ohio
- STRINING, HENRY P., T/5
227 Beach St., Rockaway Beach,
N.Y.
- STURM, NORBERT., T/3
2150 E. 24th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
- STVERAK, GEORGE L., T/5
331 Placid Ave., P.O. Lemay, Mo.
- SUPINO, JAMES J., T/5
276 S. 1st St., Brooklyn, 11, N.Y.
- SUTTON, ELMER J., T/5
Box No. 202., Puxico, Missouri
- SUTTON, NOLAN F., Pfc
1506 Mississippi Av., St. Louis, Mo.
- SWENSON, MARVIN E., T/4
Box 382, Appleton, Minn.
- SZKUTAK, BENNY A., Pvt.
14 Adrian St., Lackawana, N.Y.
- TAYLOR, HENRY R., Pfc
52 Decatur Ave.,
Spring Valley, N.Y.
- TAYLOR, ROBERT L., T/5
Portales, N.M.
- TERRELL, PHILMORE, Pvt
99 Terrell Ave.,
Oceanside, N.Y.
- TOMASELLI, CESARE, Pvt
751 Lansing St.,
Utica, N.Y.
- TONKIN, EDGAR F., T/4
Corley, W. Va.
- TORREY, VERNAL, T/4
Spartanburg, Pa.
- TOWNSEND, HENRY S., Pfc
102 Main Street,
Cromwell, Conn.
- TREVATHAN, LUCIAN H., Pfc
Box 147, RFD No. 1
Jonesboro, Ark.
- TUFFORD, FLOYD D., Pvt
721 Ninth St., North
Fargo, N.D.
- TURNBULL, JOHN C., Cpl
Turkio, Mo.
- USCIO, JOSEPH F., T/5
25 1/2 Sonoma Court
Providence, (9) R.I.
- VANDERHOFF, ROBERT E., Pfc
533 Norwood Ave.,
Toledo, Ohio.
- VAUGHAN, HARRY K., Pfc
RFD No. 2, Hurt, Va.
- VEORBISH, MATTHEW B., Cpl
Box 9, Revlock, Pa.
- VOISIN, DUDLEY R., Cpl
Box 104, Tranquility, Cal.
- VOKAC, JAMES, Pfc
RFD No. 1 Box 76
Phillips, Wis.
- VON BURG, WALTER B., Cpl.
1314 1/2 N. 5th St.,
Quincy, Ill.
- WALLACK, MORTON, Pfc
1730 E. 18th St.,
Brooklyn (29) N.Y.
- WALTER, LEWIS A., T/5
Helen Street
Shamokin Dam, Pa.
- WALTERS, EDWARD H., T/4
310 Parklyn St.,
Overbrook Terrace
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WARREN, LEO S. Pfc
266 Felice St.,
Wyandotte, Mich.
- WARREN, RALEIGH, T/5
Bluestone, Ky.
- WARRINGTON, WILLARD E., T/4
2206 Pine St.,
Wilmington, Del.
- WASHBURN, CHARLES, T/4
4464 Springwells Ave.,
Detroit (10) Mich.
- WATKINS, JOSEPH E., Pfc
5 Hunt's Lane
Key West, Fla.
- WATSON, SAMUEL C., Pfc
210 E. Coswell St.,
Knoxville, Ky.
- WEAVER, WILLIAM N., T/4
Merritt Place
New Hartford, N.Y.
- WEIDER, ROY J., Pfc
1747 Cowley St.,
Troy Hill, Pgh., Pa.
- WELLS, CHARLES P. Jr., T/5
RFD No. 1 Ringold, Va.
- WERTICO, TONY, Sgt
4203 S. Fairfield Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- WESSEL, ALFRED H., Pvt
207 Walnut Street
Huntingburg, Ind.
- WETENKO, JAMES P., T/5
57 Princeton Ave.,
Bethlehem, Pa.
- WHEELER, WILLIAM J., Pfc
139 Pleasant St.,
Leominster, Mass.
- WHITE, CARSON C., S/Sgt
607 E. 18th St.,
Des Moines, Ia.
- WHITMAN, REUBEN, T/5
1515 Blvd. of the Allies
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- WILKEN, FRED H. T/5
62-17 Fresh Pond Road
Maspeth, L.I., N.Y.
- WILLETT, PHILIP A., Pvt
825 E. Holbrook Street
Flint, Mich.
- WILLIS, JOHN L., Pfc
800 N. 25th St.,
Richmond, Va.
- WILLIS, LEWIS W., T/5
RFD No. 3 Beaverdam, Va.

WILSON, ALBERT M., Pfc
Plain City, Ohio

WILSON, CLYDE L., T/4
Garfield Street
Oxford, Pa.

WOLFE, FRANCIS J., Pfc
1139 Center Ave.,
Pottstown, Pa.

WOLFF, HERMAN A., Pfc
Box 12 Lakin, Kan.

WOOD, HOWARD B., Pfc
Strasburg, Va.

WORSLEY, EARL M., Pfc
Box 33, Conetoe, N.C.

WRIGHT, JAMES C., T/5
Vailes Gate, N.Y.

WYNN, FRANK T., Cpl
6 S. Roxborough Ave.,
Ventnor, N.J.

YANKEY, ARNOLD D., T/3
Bergton, Va.

YODER, RICHARD F., Pfc
401 State Street
Elkhart, Ind.

ZAPPILE, JOSEPH, T/3
2012 S. Hutchinson St.,
Phila., Pa.

ZEALOR, MARTIN E., Pfc
Parkton, Md.

In the course of time, men come and men go according to plans over which a Unit has little control since the big war effort is the important thing. Here is a list, with many a man's best friend on it, of those enlisted men formerly connected with the 33d General Hospital and to whom we extend our best wishes:

ABBOTT, JOHN H. Pvt
Greenfield, Tenn.

ABRAHAM, MICHAEL J., Pvt
67 Cedar St.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

ACKER, ROBERT C., T/5
14 Henry St.,
South River, N.J.

ADAMS, CLARENCE H., Pvt
Mebane, N.C.

ALLEN, CLARENCE H., Pvt
Arnoldsburg, W.Va.

ALLEN, WAYNE K., Pvt
816 Sixth St., S.W.
Hampton, Ia.

ALMQUIST, EARL M., Pvt
2608 Clinton Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

ALTON, HERBERT E., Pvt
192 Myrtle Ave.,
Jersey City, N.J.

ALVAREZ, LORENZO J., Pvt
601 W. 156th St., N.Y.C.

AMADEN, CHARLES L., Pfc
RFD No. 7 Yakima, Wash.

AMBROSELLI, ARCANGELO, T/5
303 E. 148th St., Bronx, N.Y.

AMO, FRANCIS F., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Canton, N.Y.

ANDALORO, JOSEPH T., T/5
Cedar Ave.
Westville Grove, N.J.

ANDERSON, HOWARD O., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Parma, Ohio

ANDERSON, WILLIAM, Pvt
4 Elizabeth St.,
Worcester, Mass.

APPELBAUM, MARTIN D., Pvt
562 W. 164th St., N.Y.C.

ARAMONY, FRED R., Cpl
509 Grafton St.,
Worcester, Mass.

ARMANI, ATTILIO F., Pvt
412 New Castle Rd.,
Sedder, N.Y.

ARMANINI, ALDO, Pvt
Long Island City, N.Y.

ATRAT, GEORGE, Pvt
1405 Twelfth St.,
Sanger, Cal.

AUMENT, EARL L., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Paradise, Pa.

AUSTIN, JACKSON D., Pvt
Box 1443, Albany Star Rt.,
Decatur, Ala.

BAIRD, RAYMOND E., Pvt
RFD No. 4 Jonesville, Va.

BANYA, FRANK, Pvt
5439 Linton Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio

BARBER, HARRY E., Pfc
51 Dudley St.,
N. Cambridge, Mass.

BARNES, RICHARD H., Pfc
417 Baker St.,
San Angelo, Texas

BARNETT, ELMER J. Jr., Pvt
3153 "G" St., Phila., Pa.

BARTLETT, ROBERT G., Pvt
522 Fillmore St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

BARTY, ROBERT J., Pvt
41 Williams St.,
Batavia, N.Y.

BASAN, ANTHONY J. Pvt
39 Lapham Court
Woonsocket, R.I.

BATEMAN, CHARLES T., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Chesterdon, Ind.

BECKMAN, GILBERT A., T/5
4020 Runnymede Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio

BERG, NEILS P., Pfc
745 S. 3d Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

BERGMANN, WARREN C., Pvt
447 Weart Ave.,
Lynhurst, N.J.

BICKSLER, CLEVELAND O., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Herndon, Va.

BISHOP, DUANE O., Pfc
914 East "A" St.,
Ontario, Cal.

BISKUPSKI, WALTER A., Pvt
338 Wilson St.,
Buffalo, N.Y.

BLAKE, LAWRENCE A., S/Sgt
230 Forty-sixth St.,
Newport News, Va.

BOROFSKY, DANIEL D., Pvt
637 South St., Phila., Pa.

BOWSER, KENNETH A., Pfc
714 Chestnut St., York, Pa.

BOYLE, JAMES A. T/5
100 S. Wyoming St.,
Hazelton, Pa.

BRADLEY, CHARLES E., Pvt
213 E. Casa St.,
Greenville, Mich.

BRICKEL, JACK Pvt
9308 Avenue "M"
Brooklyn, N.Y.

- BRINSFIELD, MURL L., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Wewoka, Okla.
- BROSCIUS, VICTOR A., Pvt,
40 Cattell St., Easton, Pa.
- BUFFINGER, FBARL E., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Portsmouth, Ohio
- CAHILL, PETER J., Pfc
5 Third Place
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- CARBUTO, RAFFAEL, Pvt
49 School St.,
Glen Cove, N.Y.
- CARROLL, JOHN P., S/Sgt
29 1/2 Warren St.,
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
- CATLIN, ARTHUR W., Pfc
3 N. Morris St.,
Portland, Ore.
- CHASE, ROBERT M., T/5
43 High St.,
Kennebunk, Me.
- CHUMLEY, ROBERT E., T/5
13402 Burley Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- CLARK, DUDLEY L., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Vanboro, N.C.
- CLARK, FRANKLIN D., T/Sgt
20 E. 190th St., N.Y.C., N.Y.
- CLARK, GEORGE K., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Burlington, Ia.
- CLARK, HOMER D., Pvt
34 Ovid St.,
Seneca Falls, N.Y.
- CLAYTON, JAMES R., Pvt
Craig, Mo.
- CLAYWELL, JERRY R.F., Pvt
201 E. Franklin St.,
Richmond Va.
- COCUZZA, ANTHONY Pvt
40 Bay 46th St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- COHEN, LESLIE H., Pvt
Glenlock Court
Hempstead N.W.3
London, England
- COLEMAN, SAMUEL B., Pvt
Price, N.C.
- CORREIA, JOHN W., T/4
692 E. 139th St.,
Bronx (54) N.Y.
- COTLER, HARRY A., Pvt
44 Avenue "O"
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- COUCHMAN, JOHN D., Pvt
RFD No. 1 O'Keana, Ohio
- COULSON, MICHAEL Pvt
20 Carsenter St.,
Greensburg, Pa.
- CREASY, CHARLEY H., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Box 107
Roanoke, Va.
- CROOP, HERALD A., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Ravenna, Ohio
- CUMMINGS, NICHOLAS A. Jr., Pvt
155 N. Broadway, Yonkers, N.Y.
- CUNNINGHAM, DONALD E., S/Sgt
Seward, Ill. ...
- CYRUS, EDWARD L., T/5
431 Blackford St.,
Lynchburg, Va.
- DAIY, JOHN T., Sgt
540 White St.,
Springfield, Mass.
- DANIELS, HAROLD C., Cpl
Commodore, Pa.
- DAVIS, HARRY S., Pvt
Valley Falls, Kan.
- DAVIS, FRED, Pvt
Smith Creek, Ky.
- DAVIS, MAX, Pvt
2412 Liberty Heights Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.
- DE LUCA, LEONARD L., Pvt
7820 Avalon Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- DEMPSEY, BENJAMIN J., T/5
664 Aldine Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- DENAMORE, FRED R., Pfc
5245 Lemay Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.
- DI DOMENICO, ALFRED, Pvt
4208 Hartford Terrace
Baltimore, Md.
- DIETZ, CHESTER D., Pvt
127 N. 10th St.,
Lebanon, Pa.
- DIXON, WILFRED E., Pvt
Dayton, Tenn.
- DODD, GEORGE A., T/Sgt
Paris Crossing, Ind.
- DOHERTY, FREDERICK J. Jr., Pvt
7 Church Street Court
Woburn, Mass.
- DONNELLY, WILLIAM M., Pvt
2611 Aisquith St.,
Baltimore, Md.
- DOUGLAS, WILLIAM R., Pvt
RFD No. 2 Beavertown, Mich.
- DRESSLER, WILLIAM J., Pvt
501 E. 16th St., N.Y.C.
- DRYBURG, LEO E., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Staystown, Pa.
- DUFF, Wayde W., Pvt
RFD No. 3 Wakenda, Mo.
- DURAN, ELBERT G., Pvt
Placentia, Cal.
- DWYER, JOSEPH E., T/5
283 Beach St.,
Revere, Mass.
- EARLY, JULIAN T., T/5
RFD No. 3 Gadsden, Ala.
- ELDER, ROBERT D., Pvt
612 Belmont Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- EMMERICK, CLEMENS H., T/5
1617 First St., North
St. Cloud, Minn.
- EVANGELOW, NICK D., Pvt
2507 Twenty-fourth Ave.,
Astoria, L.I., N.Y.
- FALLSTICH, RICHARD H., Pvt
259 E. Walnut St.,
Allentown, Pa.
- FALUS, ARTHUR, Pvt
5237 N. Hampshire Ave., N.W.
Washington, D.C.
- FARMER, CLARENCE A., Pfc
126 N. Ann St.,
Lancaster, Pa.
- FARRY, JOSEPH F., Pvt
30 Seaman Ave., N.Y.C.
- FAUGNO, ANTHONY, Pfc
58 N. Margin St.,
Boston, Mass.
- FEILER, SOL, Pfc
209 E. 165th St.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- FENTON, SIDNEY, S/Sgt
20 Norwood Ave.,
Albany, N.Y.
- FERAMISCO, ANTHONY J., Pvt
220 Hawes Ave.,
Fresno, Cal.
- FITZPATRICK, JAMES J., Cpl
3641 Aldine Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.
- FLICK, GEORGE W., Pfc
228 E. Fifth St.,
Chester, Pa.
- FRATARCANGELI JOSEPH, Cpl
2438 Fuller St., N.Y.C.
- FREDERICK, WILLIAM J., Pfc
210 Wallace St.,
Freeport, L.I., N.Y.
- FREEMAN, JOHN C., Pfc
North Kenova, Ohio
- FUGELSANG, VIGGO, Pfc
RFD No. 10 Box 89
Fresno, Cal.
- FULLER, DOUGLAS R., Pvt
Farmington, Me.
- GAIN, JOHN F., Pvt
7 Wayne St., Troy, N.Y.
- GARCIA, MANUEL L., Pfc
956 Navajo St.,
Denver, Col.
- GARRISON, ALBERT W., Pvt
354 Cypress Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.

- GEARY, PAUL J., Pvt
526 N. Law St.,
Allentown, Pa.
- GEISELMAN, RICHARD L., T/Sgt
249 Atlantic Ave., York, Pa.
- GILBIRD, JOHN W., Pvt
2629 E. 29th St.,
Kansas City, Mo.
- GINMAN, WOODROW J., Pfc
Squire St., Ula Bridge, N.J.
- GODMAN, RUSSELL L., Pvt
363 W. Short St.,
Lexington, Ky.
- GOLDSMITH, LE ROY E., Pvt
Tuttle, N.D.
- GOMENGINGER, THEODORE T/5
615 1/2 S. Clinton Ave.,
Rochester, N.Y.
- GONZALEZ, JESUS M., Pvt
Box 304 Negales, Ariz.
- GOODMAN, LONNIE D., T/5
2003 S. Marsalis St.,
Dallas, Texas
- GRAVES, ROBERT L., Pvt
RFD No. 1, Albion, Pa.
- GRAZIANO, VINCENT J., Pfc
91 Williams St.,
Newburgh, N.Y.
- GREATHOUSE, TED S., Pfc
Lampasas, Texas
- GREDNICKI, WALTER, Pvt
Glen Head, N.Y.
- GREENBERG, MARTIN Pfc
122 Tuttle St.,
Simpson, Pa.
- GREENE, DAVID J., Sgt
104 First St.,
Little Valley, N.Y.
- GREGORY, GEORGE, T/5
1004 N. College St.,
Tulsa, Okla.
- GROSS, DORSEY L., T/5
RFD No. 3, Roanoke, Ala.
- GRUBAUGH, JOHN L., Pvt
Wolcottville, Ind.
- HAGOPIAN, EDWARD, Pvt
RFD No. 9 Box 432
Fresno, Cal.
- HANSEN, GRANT, Pvt
320 Fourteenth St., N.W.
Canton, Ohio
- HARALSON, JAMES L., T/5
RFD No. 5, Spartanburg, S.C.
- HARRELL, EVERETT T., Pfc
407 Cregmont St.,
Madison, Ind.
- HARTLEY, WALTER V., T/5
402 Buffalo St.,
White Haven, Pa.
- HAUSAUER, HAROLD F., T/3
Wales St., Wales Center, N.Y.
- HAYFORD, FREDERICK J., T/4
1361 1/2 S. Mansfield St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.
- HEFLIN, CARROLL W., Pvt
Linden Va.,
- HELENIUS, AUGUST H., Pvt
292 Brook Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- HELM, OTTO A., Pfc
Fessenden, N.D.
- HENDERSON, ALVA C., Pvt
RFD No. 1, Venetia, Pa.
- HERZFIELD, JOSEPH, Pvt
3078 Thirty-fourth St.,
Astoria, L.I., N.Y.
- HICKS, ROBERT F., Pvt
Route No. 1, Harmon, Ill.
- HIGGINS, DAVID B., Pfc
17 Harding St.,
Andover, Mass.
- HILLSTROM, RUEBEN A., Cpl
3515 Thirty-fourth Ave., S.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
- HIMES, PAUL E., Cpl
York Springs, Pa.
- HIMES, REGINALD G., Pvt
Reedsville, Pa.
- HOILAND, FRANK D., T/4
48 S. 6th St., Easton, Pa.
- HOLLAND, JACK O., Pvt
1921 Clark Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
- HOLLISTER, VERNON B., Pfc
Manly, Ia.
- HOOPER, GEORGE A., T/5
15 Birch St.,
Wilkes Barre, Pa.
- HORLICK, MELVIN W., Pvt
929 Whity Way
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- HORN, ROBERT H., Pvt
89-11 153d St.,
Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.
- HORNER, WILLIAM J., Pvt
Oakdale Ave.,
Horsham, Pa.
- HOROVITZ, BENJAMIN T., Pfc
521 Lockhart St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- HORST, RUSSELL E., Pvt
230 S. 10th St.,
Lebanon, Pa.
- HOWARD, ROBERT R., Pvt
11 1/2 North Clark St.,
Ft. Scott, Kan.
- HUDSON, WILLIAM B., T/5
700 Harvey St.,
Baltimore, Md.
- HUENERGARDT, LAVERN O., Pfc
Elm Creek, Neb.
- HURACZY, ANDREW, Pvt
2613 Massillon St.,
Toledo, Ohio
- INGLEDUE, PAUL D., M/Sgt
RFD No. 2 Lancaster, Ohio
- JACOBSON, CLYDE H., Pvt
213 S. 5th St.,
Youngwood Pa.
- JAMES, JAMES C., Pvt
44 Chatham Ave.,
Schoufield, Va.
- JAMMAN, EVAN S., Pfc
718 Sunset Ave.,
Rocky Mount, N.C.
- JAYNE, EDWARD O., Pfc
13706 Blackwood Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
- JOHNSON, WILMER J. R., Sgt
600 West 161st Street,
New York, N.Y.
- JONES, OTIS R., Pfc
Sedan, Kan.
- JUSTICE, CECIL M., Pfc
Route No. 5
Austin, Texas
- KEECHAN, ROBERT M., Pvt
R.D. No. 2
Manitowoc, Wis.
- KEESING, RALPH K., Pfc
34 Hillside Ave.,
New York, N.Y.
- KEMP, MONTAGUE N., Pvt
241-29 New Hall Ave.,
Rosedale, L.I.
- KERSTETTER, ELMER J., T/5
R.D. No. 1
Liverpool, Pa.
- KILBURN, OTHON F., Pvt
45 West 52d Street
New York, N.Y.
- KINGSTON, JOSEPH W., Pvt
31 Elberon Place,
Albany, N.Y.
- KISNER, GLEN Pvt
666 South Lincoln St.,
Casper, Wyoming
- KISTER, EARL D. T/4
1607 W. Princess St.,
York, Pa.
- KLEIN, RAYMOND G., Sgt
171 Almond Way,
Pittsburgh, Pa.
- KLING, EARL E., Pfc
R.D. No. 1
Windler, Pa.
- KLONOWSKI, LEONARD J., Pvt
7203 Broadway Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio

- KOENIG, Sol, Pfc
1001 Bushwick Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- KOONEY, MICHAEL, Pvt
1270 - 3d St.,
Scalp Level, Pa.
- KORBY, Sol, Pvt
220-26 Hempstead Ave.,
Queens Village, L.I.
- KOROSEC, JOSEPH Jr., Cpl
R.D. No. 5
Somerset, Pa.
- KOLIKOWSKI, FRANK J., Pfc
5401 Mitchell Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.
- KREITH, CHARLES L., T/4
611 Altamont Ave.,
Schenectady, N.Y.
- KUKLISIN, PETER, Pvt
787 Starkweather Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
- KUNZE, ALFRED A., Pfc
R.D. No. 1 - Box 122
San Antonio, Texas
- KUTSCHER, HENRY T/5
99 Fairmont St.,
Hartford, Conn.
- LABOWITZ, ADOLPH, Pvt
214 Hicks Street,
Masontown, Pa.
- LARSON, SIMON W., Pfc
Dell Rapids, S. Dakota
- LAVELL, FLOYD, Pvt
Gen. Del.,
North Fork, Calif.
- LA VELL, RUSSEL, Pvt
1005 Scurry St.,
Big Spring, Texas
- LAWRENCE, ROBERT L., Pfc
245 Wesley Ave.,
Fresno, Calif.
- LEE, HAROLD, Pvt
Route No. 2
Yuba City, Calif.
- LEVINE, MOE T/5
250 East 93d St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- LICHENWALTER, RICHARD G.,
Pvt
1012 - 19th Street,
Sacramento, Calif.
- LINDBOHM, BERNARD A., T/5
137 S. Curry St.
Ironwood, Mich.
- LINEBERRY, WAYNE D., Pvt
Route No. 1
Watuga, Tenn.
- LOVE, VERNON A., Pvt
Walters, Louisiana
- LOWN, ROYAL G., Pvt
302 Laburnum Crescent,
Rochester, N.Y.
- LUCAS, RAYMOND, Pvt
Mt. Fair, Va.
- LUCAS, THOMAS T., Pfc
37 Walter St.,
Springfield, Mass.
- LUEBKE, HERMAN W., T/4
Conover, Wis.
- MABBRY, ELIZY, Pfc
329 Monroe Avenue
Huntington, W. Va.
- MAGLIANO, ANTHONY J., Pvt
19 Tompkins Place,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- MALDARI, JOSEPH P., Pvt
4717 - 11th Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- MARQUEZ, ALEXANDER Jr., Pvt
754 East 161st St.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- MARR, STANLEY J., Cpl
1069 Berwick St.,
Easton, Pa.
- MARTIN, JOSEPH, Pvt
2236 N. 30th St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- MASON, HENRY R., Pvt
54 Nightengale St.,
Dorchester, Mass.
- MATHEWS, MILAN M., Pfc
315 - 21st St.,
Toledo, Ohio
- MAZZARA, JOHN E., T/5
2d Street,
Bethpage, N.Y.
- MC CARTHY, ROLAND L., Pvt
15919 Corsica Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio
- MC DOWELL, DOUGLAS G., Pvt
815 Broadway,
Denver, Colorado
- MC EVOY, JAMES J., Pfc
730 Liberty Street,
Corry, Pa.
- MC GANN, JAMES F., Pfc
2508 West 83d St.,
Chicago, Ill.
- MC GUIRE, DONALD E., Pvt
73-20 Austin St.,
Forest Hills, L.I.
- MC KEEVER, HERBERT L., Sgt
108 Main St.,
Manchester, Mich.
- MC LAUGHLIN, THOMAS A., Pvt
1502 Cayuga St. m
Philadelphia, Pa.
- MC NAB, WILLIAM R., Pvt
154 Grove Ave.,
Highland Park, Mich.
- MC NALLY, RAYMOND G., Pfc
9 Central Ave.,
Barrington, R.I.
- MEDDLERS, EDWARD C., Pvt
Route No. 4
Alma, Georgia
- MENNEAR, HARRY G., Pvt
R.D. No. 1
Reedsville, W. Va.
- MERL, WILLIAM, Pvt
1408 - 6th Street,
N. Bergen, N.J.
- MERVILLE, LAWRENCE, Pvt
157 Thelka Avenue,
San Antonio, Texas.
- MEYER, DAVID L., T/5
1393 Lexington Avenue,
New York City, New York.
- MICHAUD, WILFRED J., Pfc
12 Chesnut Street,
Danvers, Mass.
- MIELKE, FREDERICK J., T/5
4719 Van Dyke,
Detroit, Michigan.
- MILLS, HOBAER F., Pfc
635 Princeton Place, N.W.,
Washington, D.C.
- MINS, BILLY L., Sgt
382 East Houston St.,
Paris, Texas.
- MOFFAT, WILFRED T., Cpl.
86 Newton Street,
Newark, N.J.
- MONDAY, GERALD E., Pvt
1501 3d St.,
Bedford, Ind.
- MONTGOMERY, JAMES D., Pvt
125 W 11th Street,
Norfolk, Va.
- MORAN, PATRICK J., T/4
14 Prince Street,
Middleton, N.Y.
- MONTSUGU, RIKIA, Pfc
Kilavea, Kauai, Hawaii.
- MORRISON, BILL E., Pvt
1238 Richmond
Kansas City, Kansas.
- MORTON, JOHN J., T/5
1901 Providence Road
Charlotte, N.C.
- MORTON, MORTON A., Pvt
724 Chelten Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.
- MOSLEY, JAMES W., Pvt
R.D. No. 1
Marion, Ill.
- MUDARO, SAM S., Pvt
2332 W. Iowa St.,
Chicago, Illinois.
- MUNZ, FRED L., Pvt
Hudson, Kansas.
- MYERS, RAYMOND A., Pvt
Route No. 5,
Staunton, Va.

NAKASATO, JIRO, Pfc
P. O. Box 23,
Hakalun, Hawaii.

NALLIE, OMER H., Pfc
Route No. 3
Sheperdsville, Ky.

NEIDERT, ANDREW, Pfc
982 East Ave.
Akron, Ohio.

NEWBORN, HYMAN, Pvt
4224 W. Thompson St.
Philadelphia, Pa.

O' BRIEN, EUGENE H., T/4
Waddington, New York.

O' BRIEN, THOMAS R., Pvt
Old Harbor Road
North Chatham, Mass.

O' BRIEN, VINCENT J., 1st Sgt
239 E. Mosholu Pkwy.,
New York City, N.Y.

O' BRIEN, WILLIAM J., Pfc
2132 N. 19th Street,
Arlington, Va.

O' CALLAGHAN, JACK, Pfc
1194 E. Magnolia Ave.,
St. Paul, Minn.

O' LEAVY, EDWARD G., Pfc
547 Center St.,
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

OISON, GUSTAV, T/4
460 Mulford St.,
Somerville, Mass.

PAGLIARINI, ANTONIO, Pvt.
45 Sabra St.,
Cranston, R.I.

PALCISKO, JOE J., Pvt
2420 W. 38th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio

PATTON, THOMAS A., Pvt
Route No. 5,
Greenville, S.C.

PELIGRINI, JOHN H., Pfc
601 S. Desplaines, St
Joliet, Ill.

PERKINS, BERNARD W., Pvt
Route No. 3,
Blackstone, Va.

PERLSTEIN, JOE D., Pvt
3607 Yoakum Blvd.,
Houston, Texas.

PEYER, WILLIAM R., Pfc
RFD No. 2,
Turtle Creek, Pa.

PFISTER, GEORGE H., Jr. T/5
Kulpville, Pa.

PHILIP, RONALD, Pfc
1505 Colorado Ave.,
Flint, Mich.

PITTS, THOMAS J., Pfc
RD No. 6,
Winston Salem, N.C.

POLLONI, MARIO M., Pvt
19 Friend St.,
Gloucester, Mass.

POPOVICH, VICTOR M., Pfc
117 Avon Court,
Ravenna, Ohio

POWERS, HAROLD M., Pfc
17505 Wexford Terrace
Jamaica, L.I., N.Y.

POWERS, JOHN C., T/4
RFD No. 5,
Ithaca, N.Y.

QUESADA, RAFAEL, Pvt
RD No. 3, Box 47
Holtville, Calif.

QUIBODEAUX, MAURICE, Pvt
RFD No. 1, Box 93,
Rayne, La.

QUINTERO, AUGUSTIN M., Pvt
1805 Crockett St.,
Dallas, Texas.

RAJTAR, STEFAN, Pfc
12005 Puritan Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

RAMIREZ, FRANK A., Pvt
1318 Tulare St.,
Fresno, Calif.

RATHY, JOSEPH G., Pvt
401 Fruit Ave.,
Farrell, Pa.

REEVER, CHARLES D., Pvt
Emigsville, Pa.

RESTUCCIA, JOHN, Pvt
6721 14th Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

REYNOLDS, HAROLD R., Pfc
Route No. 2
Vilonia, Ark.

RHODES, RALPH E., Pvt
3319 West Franklin St.,
Richmond, Va.

RICHARDSON, CARL E., Pvt
126-13th St., SF,
Roanoke, Va.

RILEY, WILLIAM A., Pfc
RD No. 3,
Rushville, Mo.

RISSMAN, NORMAN, T/5
1246 S. Independence Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

RITTER, CRUM M.
Shepherdstown, W.Va.

RITZ, RICHARD F., Pfc
528 Central Ave.,
Dunkirk, N.Y.

ROBERTSON, JAMES C., Pvt
Swainsboro, Ga.

ROBEY, RICHARD E., Cpl
259 Tennessee Ave., NE
Washington, D.C.

RODEN, AMBROSE F., Pvt
Casselton, N. Dakota.

RODGERS, JAMES C., Pfc
Thomson, Ga.

RONAGHAN, FRANCIS P., T/4
1661 Lurting Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.

RUDAR, MICHAEL L., Pvt
Box 1567
Uniontown, Pa.

RUSHING, ERNEST A., Pvt
Marion Junction, Ala.

RUSSELL, EVERETT L., Pvt
RFD No. 2,
Piggot, Ark.

RUSTAD, PAUL O., Pvt
RD No. 2
Fosston, Minn.

RYAN, ALLEN A., Cpl
Elks Home,
Keene, New Hampshire.

SAGER, MARTIN L., Pvt
Bazaar, Kansas.

SAKAL, JOHN S., Pvt
2028 Davidson Place
Whiting, Md.

SANCHEZ, ALBERT R., Pvt
2422 Nolan St.,
San Antonio, Texas.

SANTARSIERO, ANTHONY E., Pvt
110 E. Pine Street
Dunmore, Pa.

SCHECTER, SAM Pfc
490 Ocean Pkwy.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

SCHNELL, LESLIE E., Pvt
1709 Second Street
Scottsbluff, Neb.

SCHOLL, ARTHUR W., Pfc
85 Court Street
Irvington, N.J.

SCHULTZ, JOSEPH L., S/Sgt
6855 Sixtieth Street
Ridgewood, Queens, N.Y.

SCHWARTZ, ALFRED, Pvt
123 Third Street, South
Virginia, Minn.

SCHWARTZ, SAM, Pfc
1138 Ward Ave., Bronx, N.Y.

SCOTT, JAMES F., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Ramseur, N.C.

SCOTT, PRESTON, Pvt
Saratoga, N.C.

SCURRAN, SAMUEL, Pvt
1861 N. 21st Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

SEAMAN, DON A., Pvt
35 Crandall Street
Glenn Falls, N.Y.

SEIDMAN, BERNARD, S/Sgt
39 Marcy Place, N.Y.C.

- SELLERS, CLAUD T., Pvt
Cold Springs, Texas
- SHAFFER, LESTER W., Pvt
Shrewsbury, Pa.
- SHAFFER, WILLARD F., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Almond, Wis.
- SHARP, LEE T., Pvt
826 S. Bonner Street
Jacksonville, Texas
- SHENKMAN, JACK, Pvt
361 Legion Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- SHERMAN, ERNEST L., Pfc
17 Power Street
Providence, R.I.
- SHIRM, JOSEPH, Pvt
108 Smith Street
Trenton, N.J.
- SIMONSON, TONY C., Sgt
Box 211, Bessemer, Pa.
- SIMONTON, HEZZIE, Pvt
Point Marion, Pa.
- SIVILS, LE FON H., Pvt
13 Saunders Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- SMITH, GEORGE L., Pvt
703 Arch Street.
Pottsville, Pa.
- SNOW, ROBERT W., Sgt
6 Grove Street
Baldwinsville, N.Y.
- SOURS, ELBY L., Pfc
RFD No. 1-A, Winchester, Va.
- SPURLOCK, ROBERT L., Pvt
West Prestonsburg, Ky.
- STANLEY, LAWRENCE, Pvt
1742 S. 29th Street
Omaha, Neb.
- STEBBINS, CHARLES H., Pfc
12 Dean Street,
Worcester, Mass.
- STINSON, CLARENCE E., Pfc
Prentiss, Me.
- STOCKHARD, DALE G., Pvt
101 S. Crawford Street
Danville, Ill.
- STONE, FRANK J., Pvt
2440 N. Washtenaw Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- STRAUGHN, DARWIN K., Pvt
RFD No. 1 Box 223 A.,
Calvis, Cal.
- STROBUSH, HARRY T., Pvt
123 N. Avenue 21
Los Angeles, Cal.
- STULL, AINSLEE J., Pvt
Box 178, Isle, Minn.
- STURM, BERNARD D., Pfc
416 Fort Washington Ave.,
New York City, N.Y.
- STURTEVANT, WALTER R. Jr., Pvt
6249 Haverford Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- SUBANSKI, WALTER A., Pvt
827 Third Street N.W.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
- SUE, SOO H., Pfc
190 Worth Street
New York City
- SWARTZ, RAYMOND W., Pvt
Dalton, Ohio
- SZKUTAK, BENNY, Pfc
14 Adrian Street
Lockawana, N.Y.
- TAVEL, PHILIP, Pvt
1414 Greenport Rd.,
Far Rockaway, N.Y.
- THIELE, LEWIS P., Pfc
8629 Trafford Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.
- THOMAS, ROBERT C., Pvt
1291 Otter Street
Franklin, Pa.
- THORNBY, JAMES, Pvt
122 Fowler Ave.,
Jersey City, N.J.
- TINSLEY, OLIN D., Pvt
RFD No. 4 Macon, Ga.
- TODD, WILLIAM H., M/Sgt
Rensselaer, Ind.
- TOLLIVER, JOSEPH F., Pvt
West Maple Street
Flora, Ill.
- TORRISI, ANGELO F., S/Sgt
471 Westchester Ave.,
Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
- TRENT, RAYMOND E., Pvt
Hurt, Va.
- TROWSKE, EDWARD J., S/Sgt
5231 S. Marshfield Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
- TUCKER, ABRAHAM H., Pvt
1612 S. 15th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
- TURCO, JOSEPH, Pvt
1194 Broadway,
Hemlett, N.Y.
- TURNER, ROY G
RFD No. 1, Marietta, Ga.
- TWINING, CHARLES W., Pvt
4034 N. 12th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.
- VACAK JAMES, Pfc
Box 76 RFD No. 1
Phillips, Wis.
- VANDERHUFF, OTIS, Pvt
St. Francisville, Ill.
- VEORBISH, MATHEW B., Cpl.
Box 9, Revlov Pa.,
- VERMULE, GERALD R., Pvt
RFD No. 2 - Glidder, Iowa.
- VOISON, DUDLEY R., Cpl
Box 107 Tranquility, Cal.
- WADE, ROBERT D., Pvt
East Fulton, Richmond, Va.
- WAGNER, MICHAEL Pfc
Park Hill, Pa.
- WALKER, ERIC E., S/Sgt
38 Mechanics Street
Ballston Spa, N.Y.
- WARANAI, FRANK K., Pfc
RFD No. 2 Mantua, Ohio
- WARD, FERNANDO, Pvt
Escondido, Cal.
- WARNER, FRANCIS M.
2111 Key Blvd.,
Arlington, Va.
- WATSON, EARL R., Pvt
Box 20 RFD No. 1
West Farmington, Va.
- WEAVER, DEE R., Pvt
RFD No. 1, Pocahontas, Tenn.
- WEBER, ROBERT C., Pvt
2839 1/2 Constance Street
New Orleans, La.
- WECHSLER, JOSEPH, Pvt
1530 Sheridan Ave.,
Bronx, N.Y.
- WEISBECK, ANTON, Pvt
Hague, N.D.
- WELLIVER, HARRY W. r., T/4
909 W. Roosevelt Blvd.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
- WELLS, ALBERT B., Pfc
2703 Alford Street
Louisville, Ky.
- WELLES, EDWARD M., T/3
6 Collins Ave., Troy, N.Y.
- WETER, OKIE, Pvt
Milan, Mo.
- WHITE, CLYDE, Pvt
Culp, Arkansas
- WHITLEY, RICHARD L., Pvt
RFD No. 2, N. Wilkesboro, N.C.
- WILCOMER, MAURICE S., Sgt
566 E. 8th Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.
- WILKINSON, JOHN F., Pvt
Box 844, Seeley, Cal.
- WILKINSON, THOMAS E., Pvt
496 Third Street,
Fall River, Mass.

WILLIAMS, BARTLEY B., Pvt
Bean Creek, Ark.

WILLIAMS, JOHN E., Pvt
405 Morgan St., Keokuk, Ia.

WILLIAMS, WALTER F., T/5
5805 Avenue "L," Brooklyn, N.Y.

WILSON, HORACE R., Pfc
Box 156, Prescott, Ia.

WITTRUP, GORDON L., Pvt
Elk Horn, Ia.

WRIGHT, HOWARD A., Pvt
609 Spring Street
Burlington, N.C.

WYCHOWICZ, EDWARD W., T/3
129 New Jersey Ave.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

WYSMOLEK, CHARLES S., Pvt
1748 W. Augusta Blvd.,
Chicago, Ill.

VOCHUM, FRANK, Pvt
Lampe, Mo.

ZAMMARELLI, ALPHONSE, Sgt
97 Yorkshire Street
Providence, R.I.



V-E DAY CELEBRATION, LEGHORN.



BLOODSUCKER



MISS BANIAK BECOMES MRS. SCHALLOCK.



THE FIELD OF CHAMPIONS.



"WHERE SAINT MARK'S IS, WHERE THE DOGES USED TO WED
THE SEA WITH RINGS."



LIBERTY SHIP IN HARBOR.



UNUSUAL AIR VIEW OF GRAND CANAL, RIALTO BRIDGE, PIAZZA SAN MARCO, AND DOGE'S PALACE.

VENICE

QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC,
ONCE COMMERCIAL CAPITAL OF THE WORLD;
STILL, UNIQUE, QUAINTE, AND ATTRACTIVE
(CITY FOUNDED 452 A. D.).

COLONELS HARRISON, MILLER AND NYLEN.



CLOSE-UP OF RIALTO BRIDGE.





The Medical Building houses the administrative offices of the hospital, as well as providing ward space for the care of medical cases. Here are located the Receiving Office, the Laboratory, the Pharmacy, the Post Office, the Post Exchange, and the Red Cross recreation room for patients.



Convalescent Patients at Drill, Leghorn.



The Surgical Building, located about 300 yards north of the Medical Building, contains the operating rooms, and wards for the care of surgical cases. The X-Ray and Dental departments are also to be found in this building. In times when the capacity of the buildings here pictured has been taxed to the limit, tents have been used to accomodate the over-flow of patients.

(Photo By Al Slagle)



CHAPLAIN RANDELS AT THE EASTER ALTAR (1945).



STEFANELLI, ARNO, GYURIESKO, PETRIDES, W. H. MILLER, GAIMO.
Back row: SOPPER, ANDERSON, JENSEN, WOLFE, FREEMAN, GOVER.

Kneeling: LUCAS.
Front: WALTERS, Lt. KANNETTE, Lt. AYLESWORTH, COURSEN
Center: B. JOHNSON, Maj. LEADBETTER, Capt. ENGSTER, JENNINGS.
Back: SCHOLL, NEWTON.



ANNABELLA VISITS THE WARDS.



Left: LUTHER AND F. CLARK PUTTING IT AWAY.



Independence Day was celebrated at the Thirty-Third in the traditional American way. After enjoying a day of festivities arranged by the Red Cross, patients are shown watching a display of colored flares and rockets being set off along the beach by members of the British Navy.





Lt. GARROW and LEWIS, BRODY, DECLAU, HERBERT, CALDRON.



Front Row: Lt. THATCHER, Lt. KOCIK, Maj. MACMILLAN, Maj. MACIVER, Maj. SMITH, Lt. WEEKS,
and Lt. MACAULAY.
Back Row: BOGAZZI, DEVOE, G. LITTLE, DI DIO, PARENTS, Capt. NAUMOFF.



Front Row: GOMEZ, MALCZEWSKI, Lt. SCHAEFER, Lt. MOSES, Maj. FRADKIN, Lt. GALTON,
Lt. CULLEY, CHIECO, CALDWELL.
Back Row: MEIERS, MEEGAN, STRANSKY, HAYGOOD, MERRINGER.



Front Row: Capt. BROWN, Lt. BOOKER, Lt. BALDWIN, Lt. FARRELL,
GOVER.
Back Row: LOGAN, STENVOLD, LUNDENBYE, DESCHENES.



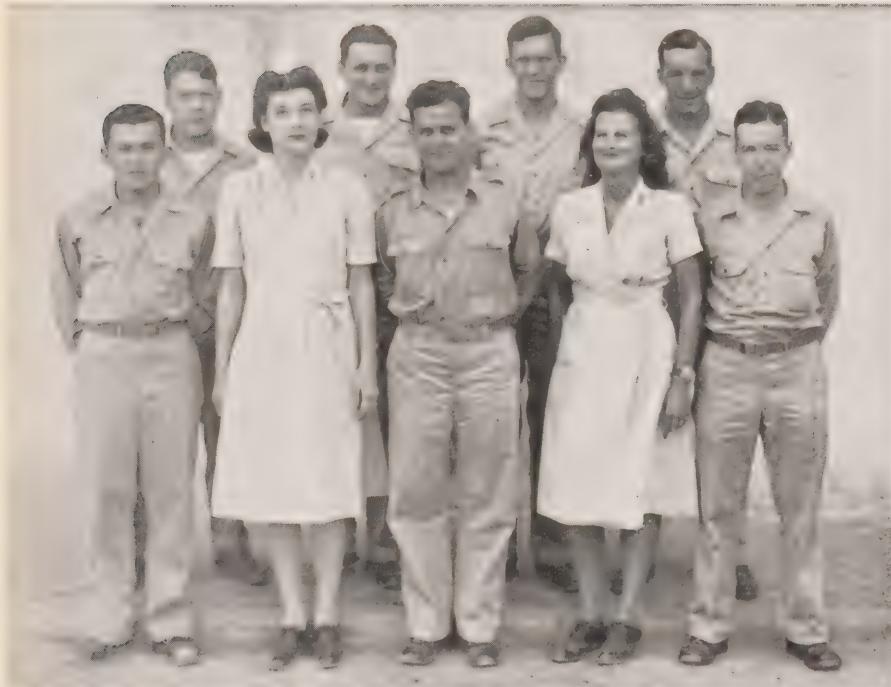
MEDICAL SUPPLY:
Front Row: HINCK, PALMER, KOVACS, CHERVEN,
Back Row: E. POWERS, SCHLOUGH, PAUWELS, Capt. GREENE,
LINDQUIST, MADDOX, and GERSCO.



Front: KUZMINSKI, LEVINE, MISS CAMPBELL, ARC, HURT, BOLL,
Back: ARNO, SIDES, LINQUIST.



E. E. N. T. WARD.
Front Row: Maj. MOTT, Capt. HECKER, Lt. KAIN
Back Row: SIRILLA, JENSEN, MOLLIN, HANSON, HOPPER.



Front: DOUB, Lt. BELL, Maj. TOMPKINS, Lt. BEST, R. HOPKINS.
Back: HOWARD, CARROLL, R. ALLEN, GILLUM.



THE ALPINI OFFICERS AND OUR SGT. QUARANTA.

Front Row: SWENSON, WILKINS, Maj. STEIN, Capt. GAMBLE, GARROW,
KNOX, WILLIAMS.
Back Row: BIDAMAN, HAZZARD, DELLINGER, DEGLAU, SMOLINSKI, HERBERT.



SANITATION CREW.
Front Row: LEDERER, DASKOU, GINMAN, ITALIAN SOLDIER.
Back Row: HURLEY, MINNEAR, SMITH, McCARTHY.





R. HOPKINS, JR., JONES, COMMONS



ALL THAT REMAIN FROM THE ORIGINAL 222 G. H. CADRE.
Front Row: ROSE, MANIERI, SAVINO, RUFUS, JUDD.
Second Row: WEAVER, MOLLIN, BERKOW, A. CARROLL, MURTHA.
Back Row: PAUWELS, STURM, DE CARLO.



ORIGINAL 4TH PLATOON.

Front Row: FALLS, YANKEY, RAY, DOLAN, SOPPER, MILLER, MALLORY.
Second Row: NAUGLE, KONECSNI, LUNDBYE, SPRAKER, MOYER, HOMER.
Third Row: STARR, CORTAZZO, JONES, MERRINGER, ZAPPILE, REDLICH, LONG.



G. U. CLINIC.

Front Row: Maj. LEADBETTER, Capt. ENGSTER.
Back Row: DOLAN, TURNBULL, FENNER.



SERVICE MEN'S CHRISTIAN LEAGUE.

Front Row: SANGSTER, TREVATHAN, FULMER, J. JONES, FENNER.
Second Row: HOMER, Capt. WEARY, Lt. RANDELS, Lt. HERRICK,
Maj. PHINNEY, Lt. GILMORE, MILLER.
Back Row: STRAUSS, BRANSON, MOYER, PARENTS, G. LITTLE, SLAGLE.



OLD THIRD PLATOON.

Front: WHITMAN, ROTHMAN, OLDRYD, FENNER, COOPER, LITTLE, BERKHART, WALTERS, FRANCESCO, MILLER, KAVANAUGH.

Back: LAUBER, NEDEAU, BARBER, SCHLOUGH, DILLINGER, BRYFOGEL, TORREY, DONATO, O'BRIEN, SCHWAB, CAMERON, BOSWELL, HENRY, BERMAN.



DERMATOLOGY CLINIC.

GREENFIELD, McGREW, Maj. ROZENDAAL, RUTTAN, Lt. ROSEBRAUCH, REED, STRAUSS.

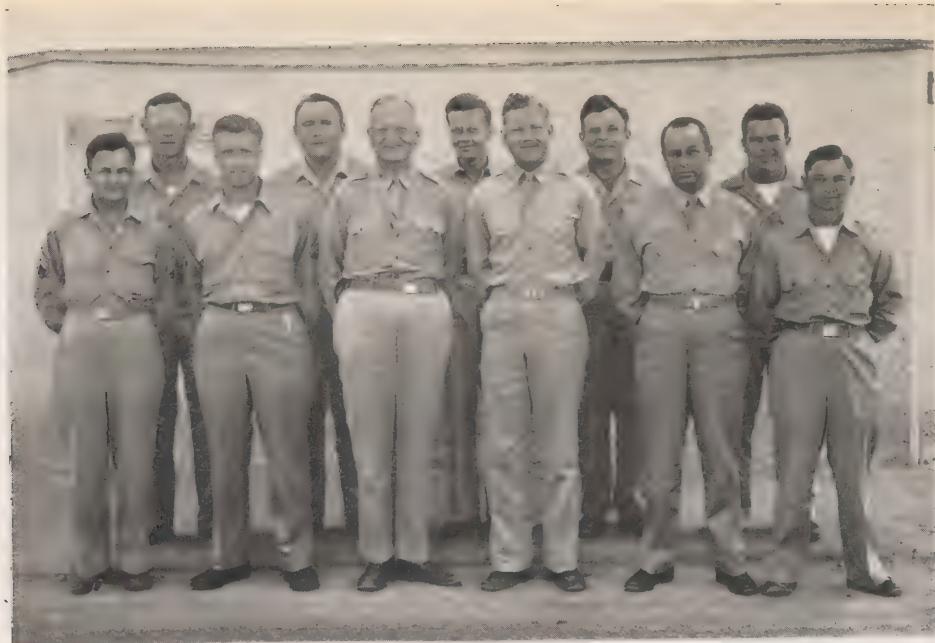


Lt. GOLDBERG, BIDS GOODBYE TO THOSE RARE OLD BIRDS (AGED 40).
FENTON, GOMENGINGER, JONES, VOKAC, BERG, MIELKE, HUDSON, VEORBISH.



"85" POINTERS HURRYING TO CATCH THE BOAT.
Front: NAKASATO, HEUNERGARDT, MOFFAT, I.A. VELLE.

Back: CLARK, ADAMS, OLSON, GONZALES, MORITSUGU, HIMES.



HEADQUARTERS STAFF.

Front: HOBLOCK, SHILLEN, Col. NYLEN, Maj. STITH, TOWNSEND, FAIRBROTHER.
Back: HENRY, SPEIER, MC CADEN, M. GRANT, DEHNER.



DETACHMENT OFFICE.

Front: Lt. YOUNG, Lt. GOLDBERG, 1st Sgt. O'BRIEN.
Back: MARQUEZ, W. C. CLEMENTS, WILKINS, KAVANAUGH, LYLE.



NURSES OFFICE.

Maj. JAQUAY, Capt. HUMISTON, Lt. Col. SPELLMAN, Lt. FISCHER,
Capt. EILERS, Capt. WHALEN.



Front: WALTER, SITKO, TREVATHAN,
LONG, Lts. AMES, GETZ, DOANE,
BENKOWSKI, REEVES, H. EILERS,
MURPHY, McGrath, O. McCALL,
and TYRELL; SCHREIN, MOSER,
STATUTO.
Back: SORRENTINO, NEWTON, FALLS,
BARKER, SHERRARD, NEWCOMB,
WORSLEY, Capt. WEARY, Maj.
LEADBETTER, Cap. ENGSTER,
Capt. SIPE, Lt. Col. HUN, Capt.
BLACK, Capt. ENCK, Capt. DE
ROUVILLE, SIRILLA, CARNEY,
LEVI, LAYMAN, BULLER, and
JOHNSON.



REGISTRAR, DET. OF PATIENTS, & EVACUATION OFFICES.
Front: PHILLIPS, PHENIS, OLDRYD, JASPER, KIRSCH, CORRIERI, MESERINO, CWO CARBERRY,
 Lt. MAYFIELD.
Back: Capt. KRIEGER, WHITE, CUNNINGHAM, O'Dwyer, MILLER, FIDELER, MITCHELL, GILBIRDS,
 GARRISON, BARBER, GORDON, POWERS, REMIA, COX, LAW, ALEXANDER, KIO, VOKAC,
 LELAND, MALLORY.



SEAMSTRESS JAQUAY
REPAYING A JEEP RIDE



ARC STAFF.
 HALL, MAC FARLANE, RATTERMAN, TALIAFERRO.
 MISS ARMSTRONG IS TO BE SEEN WITH MISS MAC FARLANE ON THE NEXT PAGE.

PERSONNEL OFFICE.

Front: ROMITO, IANELLI, J. HEALY, WARRINGTON.
Back: FERRIER, Lt. SINGER, A. JONES, TUFFORD.



CONVALESCENT WARDS PERSONNEL.
Kneeling: GOVER, SORRENTINO, F. FALACIENSKI, HOLLISTER, GAYTON,
 H. FALACIENSKI.
Middle Row: Lt. PILLOW, Lt. BANIAK, Capt. NAUMOFF, Lt. ROBLYER,
 Lt. ROBERTSON.
Back Row: ANDREWS, GREENE, WHEELER, OBITKO, BARTEE, NUN-
 NALY, ADAMS.





DENTAL CLINIC.

Seated: Capt. FEINSTEIN, Capt. BOTAZZI, Maj. SMITH, Lt. Col. HUNN,
Maj. KOECHLEY, Lt. ROSENBLATT.

Standing: RAIDY, BENTLEY, WERTICO, SAVAGE, HAINES, KRAUSS,
SPIEGEL, MENILLO, BURKHARDT, GUGLIELMO, GOUBEIA,
JACKSON, PERRY, SCHUMACHER, KIEL, SNEE, HARRISON,
LAWRENCE.



X-RAY DEPARTMENT.

Front: CORREIA, Lt. Col. CROWDER, Capt. CIACCIA, JUDD.
Center: CHUMLEY, NEDEAU, SCHULTZMEIER, WASHBURN, FLEISHER.
Back: PIPPETT, FRASER, GOMENGINGER, SLATER, LITTLE.



NEUROPSYCHIATRIC SECTION.

Front: P. EASON, SHEDD, Lt. Col. VON STORCH, HIMES, CLARK.

Center: Lt. WILSON, LOWRY, WYCHOWICZ, MOYER, ELLIOT, D. RYAN,

Capt. SULLIVAN.

Back: H. REED, Lt. RICKS, GRAVES AND THE EEG MOBILE UNIT.

OPERATING ROOM.

Front Row: YANKEY, Capt. SMEDAL, PATFIELD.

Second Row: Lieutenants BIEZUNSKI, FASSETT, COWLEY, MAC TAVISH, HODGSON, VOLK,

WHELAN, SAUNDERS, PARKER, McDONOUGH, and Capt. BAKER.

Third Row: CAVALLARO, COSTELLO, TORREY, SCHWAB, PIONTKA, ROSENBERG, KALSTEIN.





KEARNS, Capt. HECKER, HOPPER, KLOC.
DISPENSARY.



CROUCH, DE CARLO, ROCKVAM, GIZIENSKI, Capt. REIFER, GARNER,
DETACHMENT SUPPLY.
AMMANN, HUNTER.



Front : Lt. LUKONEN, Lt. LAWRENCE, Lt. LEITNER.
Back : Lt. GRUNDHOFER, F. DAVIS, PESTA.
PHYSIOTHERAPY.



UTILITIES DEPARTMENT
Front: LEAHY, HAAR, Lt. BENSON, BLAND, K. MILLER, JOHNSTON, H.E. MILLER,
MONTGOMERY, DERSING, LAVELLE, USCIO, KERR, COOPER, SPOLODOFF, MAGLIO, HOLMES, GINSBERG, BOSWELL,
Back: SFIMS.



UTILITIES SHOP IN USE BY DERSING, JOHNSTON, MILLER, and USCIO.



LABORATORY.
Front Row: MURINSON, BERKOW, GIANAKIS, DAMIANO, GORELICK, SPRAKER, DAWSON,
Second Row: HELDMAN, MARCINE, LUTHER, Capt. ABRAHAMS, FEINBERG,
and ALPINO.
Back Row: MILLS, Lt. WILLIS, ZAPPILE, MAYHEW, FRANCESCO,



STURM, LOVE, QUARTIN, AND COMMAND AT WORK IN THE PHARMACY.



PHARMACY PERSONNEL.

Front: STURM, LOVE.

Back: KRAFT, KOENIC, COMMAND, QUARTIN.



DETACHMENT & HOSPITAL GUARDS.

Front: BEADLE, JOHNSTON, VON BURG, CORDELL.

Back: ZEALOR, GORSAGE, LEDLOW, WATKINS, E. BARNES, HURST, MAASCH, VAUGHN, NICHOLS, COLEN, PIGNATELLO, MONTGOMERY, WORKMAN.



MATERNITY WARD.



PIE-EATING
CONTESTANT BOOKER



CHOW HOUNDS IN THE DETACHMENT
MESS, LEGHORN.



NEW PATIENTS.



TRANSPORTATION.

Front: RICHARDS, MANIERI, WEAVER, SAVINO, SPARKS, STAR, LEONARD, DI PIERO, WELLS, KASPAEK, WEIDER, BRANSON.
Back: WILSON, D. RAMBO, ELLINGTON, CULLICCHIA, CARPENTER, MARGARELLA, RINKERT, HUMMEL, F. KEESHAN, Lt. GILMORE, B. KEESHAN, PIZZUTO, WOOD, KORBA, LINDBERG, LABORDE, WRIGHT, SCHMIDT, COOPER, MUELLER, MACDONALD, BUCK.

TRANSPORTATION REPAIR SHOP.
Lt. GILMORE, HUMMEL, B. KEESHAN.



THE POST OFFICE.

Front Row: YODER, CORTAZZO, BERNOWKI.
Back Row: CARLBORG, NEWTON, Lt. STAMAS, VANDERHOF, MC CAULLY.

MESS DEPARTMENT IN ACTION.
GAINES, PAYTON, O'NEIL, Lt. BITZER, JOYNER, BYRON, WETENKO,
Lt. HELICK, LANDSBERGER, Maj. KELLEY, OLSEN, BARNES.



MEDICAL SUPPLY IN ACTION.





DETACHMENT MESS.

LEE, KNAPP, DAVIS, RUPAS, PETERSON, LIDYETTE, FITZPATRICK, MATTIE.



BAKERY.

Front: THE ALPINI.

Back: STVERAK, MADDIN, MACZKA, HORNAT, SILVIA.



MESS DEPARTMENT.

Front: JUNE, CHMERO, Lt. KNUDSON, Lt. BITZER, Maj. KELLEY, Lt. HELICK, LANDSBERGER, BYRON, SHAFRANSKI, JOYNER.

Back: BUNCH, SCHNEIDER, PAYTON, BECK, CLEMENTS, M. CAMPBELL, E. C. PIERCE, R. TAYLOR, STAVRANAKOS.

PATIENT'S MESS No. 2.

Front: HERNANDEZ, O'NEIL, GROSSI, TAYLOR.
Back: GEORGL, DROZDOVICH, POMPA, QUICK.

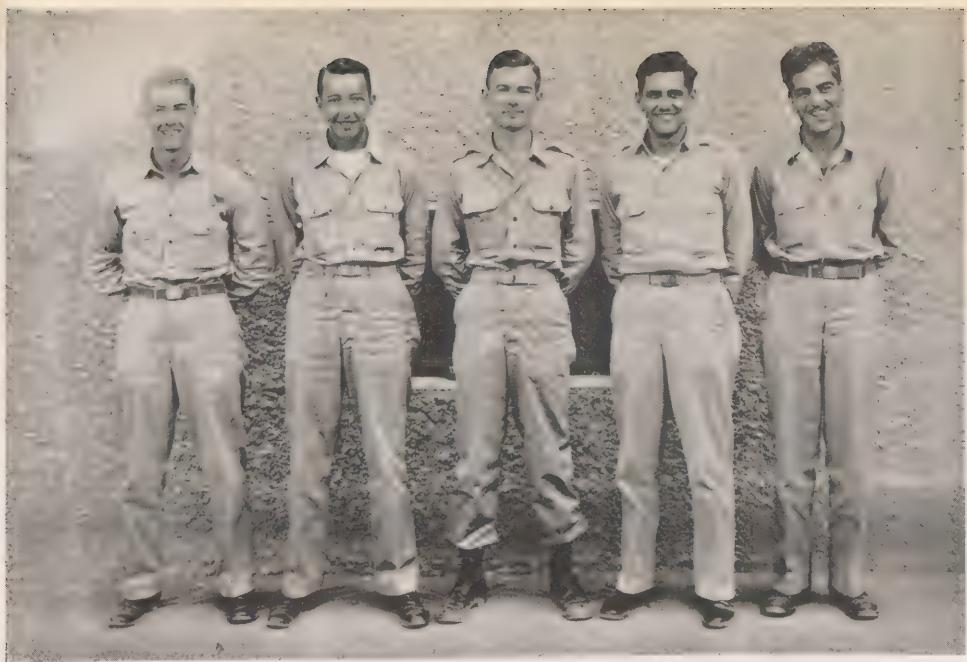


OFFICER MESS PERSONNEL.

Kneeling: J. MITCHELL.

Back Row: PEERCE, GAINES, FOLEY, BUEGE, TONKIN, MAJERNIK.





INFORMATION AND EDUCATION.
SCHNEIDER, MURTHA, Capt. MILLER, Lt. STAMAS, BRAIO.



CHAPLAINS AND ASSISTANTS
FULMER, SANGSTER, ROBINSON, Maj. PHINNEY, Lt. RANDELS, Lt. WARD.

ORCHESTRA. Front: QUARANTA, BERNOWSKI, ROCKVAM.
Back: LUTHER, KAVANAUGH, KLONOWSKI, HEATON, ROTHMAN.





AL SLAGLE.



ROBERT HOMER.



ELMER SLATER.



CORPSMAN EDITORS JONES AND FLEISHER.



EDITORS GOLDSTEIN AND WILSON.



JONES AND BALLIN IN PRINTING OFFICE.



Right: Our Mascot.



WATER POINT



ELECTRO ENCEPHALOGRAPH IN MOBILE UNIT NEAR
FRONT LINES ON HIGHWAY 65.



ALPINI WAITERS IN OFFICERS MESS, LEGHORN.



NAPLES HARBOR, VESUVIUS IN BACKGROUND.



ONE OF THE FINEST RUMOR
PITS. FROM THIS VANTAGE
POINT OUR VERY OWN SIBYL
PREDICTS OUR FUTURE MILITARY
LOCATION, WITH DATES!



PHYSIOTHERAPY SECTION AT WORK.
LT. LUKONEN, DAVIS, LT. LEITNER, GRUNHOFER, LT. LAWRENCE



MORE FUN AND FROLIC ON THE BEACH



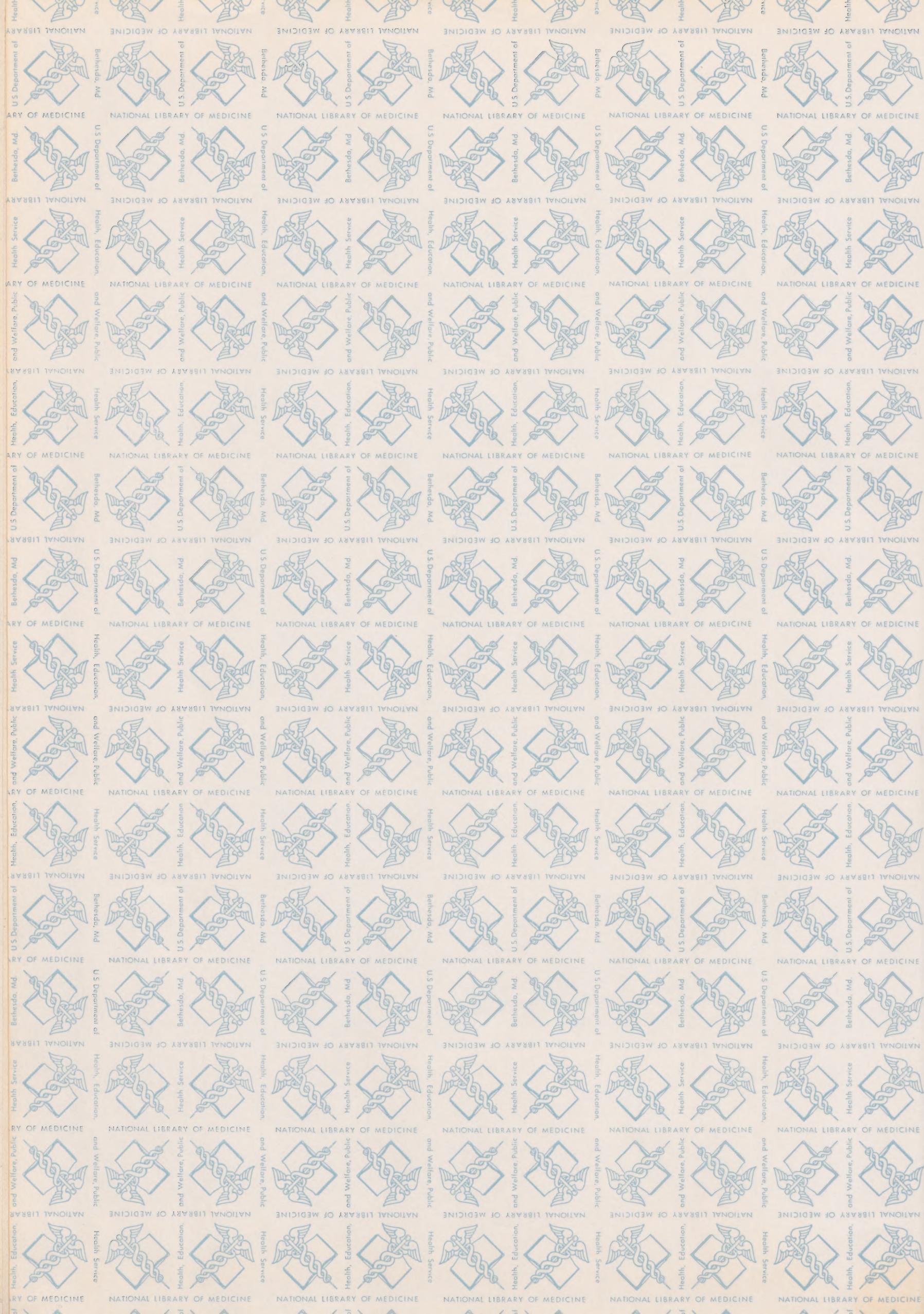
Reminiscing...



We've... come a long way!



LEGHORN SITE





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